

Who is the liar?

SATURDAY REVIEW

Volume 160

10th August, 1935



Mr. Baldwin
Head of the Government



Lady Houston
Editor, Saturday Review

BILL POSTERS

will be

PROSECUTED!

Someone has Lied—

The Government

The Bill Posters

The Saturday Review

?

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FRITTERING AWAY THE EMPIRE

To-day the India Bill receives the Royal Assent, and that disastrous measure becomes law. It does not enter into force at once; there are certain formalities which have yet to be fulfilled. But, so far as the politicians are concerned, the mischief is done.

The Bill means good-bye to India. It continues that deplorable process of frittering away the Empire which has been seen at work in Ireland, in Egypt, and in Ceylon, with such melancholy consequences.

The fruit of centuries of loyal service and effort is being thrown away, and all that Clive and Hastings and Lawrence achieved is being undone. Never was there such political blindness. This country depends on its overseas possessions for its security and its prosperity. Without them it can look forward to nothing but poverty and ruin. With them all things are possible. Its commerce with the Empire is expanding twice as fast as its commerce with foreign States.

The further proscription of British trade which the Indian Congress Party propose to carry out when they are placed in power—as they will be by this Bill—will spread distress widely in Great Britain.

Italy and Japan recognise facts such as these. They know that trade follows the flag and is only safe in this modern world when it is under the flag. They are therefore reaching out for Empire just at the very moment when we, with nerveless and pathetic hands, are casting it away.

Because of its Empire-wrecking character the Bill is a betrayal at once of Great Britain and of the Indian peoples. It hands India miserably over to disorder and maladministration under the Congress politicians. Nowhere in Asia has parliamentary government taken root; it is wholly alien to the genius of that continent. By setting it up in such impossible circumstances the Bill will worsen every condition of Indian life and stand out in history as a tragic abdication and repudiation of our national duty.

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

A Preposterous Tribunal

The League of Nations Council sits in Geneva. Its chairman is M. Litvinov.

It is to consider, or hopes to consider, Italy's grievances against Abyssinia.

In effect it will weigh the cause between those two peoples.

On that Council will sit representatives of ten small States.

And presiding over its deliberations will be the representative of Soviet Russia.

Abyssinia is a savage, barbarous, slave-trading State. It is devoid of culture, bereft of any of those graces which Christendom has won through centuries of difficult progress. It cannot use for humanity the natural resources which it possesses, and will not permit others to use them. It is incapable, apparently, of restraining its wild people within its own borders.

Russia has a population most of whom are almost as barbarous as the hordes of Abyssinia. It is a population kept in rigid subjection by a Junta at Moscow which waded through rapine and murder to the control of the illiterate herds who live in virtual serfdom outside the boundaries of the two show-cities.

Abyssinia is opposed to the march of Western civilisation. Soviet Russia has never disguised her one supreme aim of bringing Western civilisation down into chaos.

Italy, with her modern corporative State, stands with Germany, in Russian eyes as the very archetype of all that Bolshevism detests.

Abyssinia, by the aid of sentimentalists all over the world, has been pictured as a small nation about to be coerced by a great nation. Whatever the rights and wrongs of her relations with Italy, she is likely to enlist the sentimental sympathy of the small States elected to seats on the Council of the League, not because her cause is just, but

because she has been featured as a small State in danger of aggression.

Is it any wonder that Italy regards with suspicious contempt such a tribunal?

Russia's attitude to a Fascist State we know, as we know Russia's record of internal barbarity.

Italy obviously cannot sit on her own cause.

If this body were not what it is, if it were a jury, Italy could challenge immediately the Foreman—who is prejudiced in advance by his admitted principles and prejudices—and the majority of the rest of the members.

No challenge is permissible.

To expect, therefore, that Italy will complacently trust herself to a body of which two members only are of her own standing, and the President of which is as antagonistic to her as any Abyssinian, is to expect too much.

Any findings by such a body under such a President will be a travesty of justice.

Sunday Dispatch.

**

The Submarine Squabble

Herr Hitler, in his speech of 27 May last, stated that Germany was ready to abolish this weapon if other countries would do the same. We have pressed continuously for their elimination by international agreement, but just as Soviet Russia requires her air forces, so France and Japan will not consent to abandon under-sea craft. And all this time we have to remember that the Socialist Mr. Arthur Henderson is at the head of the Disarmament Conference.

The Patriot.

**

The Mackerel Mystery

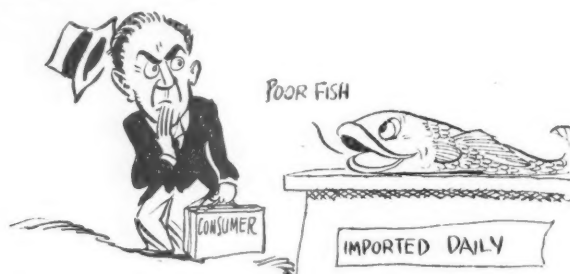
The presentation to His Majesty of the skipper of a trawler at the recent Naval Review, brought out once again the King's personal interest in the "lawful occasions" of his subjects. After inquiring what price mackerel were fetching His

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Majesty observed that he himself was fond of this excellent fish.

So are we all; the difficulty, however, is to get them fresh and at a reasonable price.

Like the herring, over which numerous Committees and Commissions have deliberated without so far ameliorating a distressing situation, the mackerel is one of those magical fish which are "a glut in the market" when unloaded from the ship yet "very scarce" when one inquires the price at a shop.



One of the mysteries of this country is why it is necessary to import quantities of inferior fish from Iceland when we have such excellent varieties such as the herring and the mackerel in our home waters.

The fish from the Arctic regions is weeks old before it is landed and cannot compare in flavour with either mackerel or herring, which possess an additional advantage in the quantity of nourishing oil which their flesh contains.

**

Rebuild the Fleet

As the *Morning Post* rightly points out, it is manifest that these little islands could never have won their freedom without the Navy, nor could ever have built up their trade and their Empire nor survived the tremendous attack on their very existence between 1914 and 1918 but for this shield and bulwark of their shores.

It is fortunate, then, that the recent review at Spithead has been the means of bringing home to the public the scandalous manner in which the Navy has been neglected during recent years.

For too long have successive Governments been more concerned with setting an example to the world than with doing their duty to their own citizens. For too long have they relied on the treacherous barb of the tongue and the uncertain prop of the League of Nations rather than on the steel walls of a maritime nation.

The recent disclosures have caused Englishmen again to realise that their heritage is the sea and that they have no concern with the petty bickerings of Europe.

It is possible, though we shall believe this when we see it, that startled public opinion and the emergence of a powerful and up-to-date fleet from across the North Sea may impel the Government to strengthen our own.

Unfortunately, as is the case with the Air Force, there is much lost ground to be made up. A terrifying proportion of our ships are obsolete, and many of our slipways have fallen into disrepair.

There is no time left for dalliance. The rebuilding of our battle fleet must be put in hand at once, for the Navy is as vital to our existence as ever it was.

**

The Recruiting Scandal

The Military Review at Rushmoor must have kindled similar feelings in the breasts of the spectators. The precision of the troops was matchless and left no doubt that in efficiency of training and discipline our army is second to none.

But in point of numbers a mere nine thousand men, which was the sum total of the soldiers that were mustered that day, compares ill with the half a million organised patriots which Germany can produce for any afternoon meeting.

It is difficult enough to understand why the Government have not taken steps to combat the insidious pacifist propaganda which those who wish our country evil have been ceaselessly conducting. It is even more difficult to understand the aversion to military service on the part of a race which can fight better than any other when driven to do so, particularly at a time when there are so many young men eking out a miserable existence on the dole, who might get good food and healthy recreation in the Forces.

The mere fact that it is necessary to advertise for recruits is one of which our youth should be heartily ashamed; but it must be said that a number of people are devoting their whole time to the discouragement of enlistment and that we find it difficult to distinguish between such activities and treason.

**

Bolshevistic Busmen

The Public cannot but have observed with misgivings the number of unofficial strikes among the bus men of the London Transport Board which have occurred recently.

At first sight it appeared that this was merely one of those coincidences which happen from time to time. However, the *Daily Worker* has now let the cat out of the bag.

Commenting on what it claims as the "Victory" of the London bus men, which it attributes to the Rank and File (or Communist) Movement, it goes on to say:

"In the past those men belonging to militant garages were saved from the disciplinary boards by branch action, strike threats, etc.

"Those in weak garages suffered dismissals and reductions.

"The Bus Men's Rank-and-File Movement,

which has won such great victories for the bus men, was built up on the basis of these garage fights on day-to-day conditions, including discipline, and as a result of this magnificent victory they will now go ahead to make the disciplinary machinery more democratic, for the seven-hour day, wage increases, and for the abolition of speed-up schedules, etc."

If this is the case, and we have no doubt that there is much truth in it, one may well expect further disturbances in the London Passenger Transport Board.

Whether the Rank-and-File Movement will succeed or not in making the disciplinary machinery more democratic time will show; but it seems, to say the least of it, a strange object for followers of Soviet Russia, where such matters are regulated in kindly fashion by dispatching the insubordinate on a trip to Siberia, or even to the next world.

The truth is that what our Communists want is not a replica of Russia at all, but a Utopian state where the rich and thrifty will continue to work in order to support a select section of the population in affluent idleness.

A transport company in which all the employés did exactly as they liked would, doubtless, be a very pleasant concern for which to work—on paper. But we can visualise the advent of a host of disputes as to who was to do the work, assuming that any were done at all, and breadwinners in other walks of life who depended upon these buses to get to their factories or offices might take rather a different view.

* *

Trade Union Poppycock

It may seem strange that the men's unions did not take any disciplinary action against those members who flouted their orders, but the unions are occupied with more weighty matters at the moment than the settlement of disputes or the betterment of working conditions.



The National Union of Railwaymen were then discussing at length at Hastings a general strike policy in the event of a threat of war. This unprofitable subject had already been debated at length by the T.U.C. and the Labour Party, who both decided not to commit themselves in advance; but the mentality of some of these delegates can be judged by the fears expressed by one that "the spontaneous expression of loyalty during the recent

Jubilee" made it probable that "if a call were made to fight for King and Country the people of this land would respond to it."

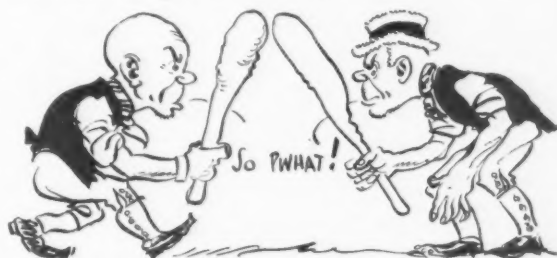
Meanwhile the Transport and General Workers' Union was conferring in the pleasant climate of the Isle of Man and Mr. Ernest Bevin, the general secretary, was declaring that they were making a tremendous contribution to the building of a new social order.

If words mean anything, and we are not sure that they do in the case of Mr. Bevin, we can understand some relaxation of discipline in the case of the bus workers.

* *

Scottish Hooliganism

The recent riots in Belfast, a recrudescence of a quarrel the original reasons for which are but little understood in England and have never been published, have once more focussed the public attention upon religious rivalries.



Now a complaint has come of a similar, though less serious state of affairs in Edinburgh. The Roman Catholic Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh alleges that for some time past it has been impossible for a priest to appear in the streets without being subjected to unspeakable indignities. Not only have they been targets for obscene abuse, but have been spat upon and molested. In factories and public works, the Archbishop alleges, defenceless girls have been subjected to bitter persecution, and pressure has been brought to bear upon employers to dismiss Catholics on the ground of their religion alone.

It would seem from this that the situation in Edinburgh is compared to that in Belfast, very much like Mr. Jorrocks's description of fox hunting: "The himage of war with only fifty per cent. of the danger." Nevertheless, religious strife on even such a scale has before now led ultimately to bloodshed, and if matters are as bad as they have have been represented, it is high time such hooliganism was put an end to.

As the Archbishop points out, human nature is what it is, and a people goaded beyond endurance are likely to commit a breach of the peace.

* *

Scraps of Paper

It has long been a truism that covenants without the power to enforce them are of as much value as bad cheques. As the League of Nations has no

forces at its disposal and is most unlikely to be provided with any, it is difficult to see of what use are the multitudinous obligations entered into in its name.



The governments of every nation, including our own, know perfectly well that the people would not support a war on account of a dispute which did not concern them, and it is difficult for the layman to understand how they can waste their time over the affairs of Italy and Abyssinia, in the certain knowledge that they will be powerless to prevent a war if either side wants one.

The average layman is, however, at least honest with himself, which is just what the members of our Government are not. If they were they would long ago have withdrawn Great Britain from the League of Nations, from which there is nothing to be gained in the cause of peace, and which seems certain one day to involve Europe in a general conflagration.

Russian Wheat Again

Reports have appeared in the Press recently that we are likely to see renewed heavy exports of wheat from Soviet Russia to this country. In the years since the Bolshevik revolution these exports have been made quite without any consideration for the needs of the Russians themselves, and it will be no surprise to learn later in the year that famine is stalking again through the land at the same time that exports of wheat are taking place. In fact, at this moment, the official *Isvestia* reports insufficient bread in the Donez district.

As an excuse for these exports it is asserted that Russia needs rubber, and that these sales of wheat are designed to make payment therefor. It is also stated that the Bolsheviks are unable to obtain credits here which would finance these rubber purchases. But it is well known that, as regards the trade between Russia and this country, there is no necessity for any credits, and the idea that the absence of these is a bar to heavy exports from Great Britain to the Soviet Government is simply a Socialist myth. In 1934 there was a visible balance of trade of nearly £10,000,000 in favour of the Bolsheviks. As it is, these Soviet wheat exports will doubtless be made at an uneconomic figure, which will tend to force down

wheat prices, and so constitute a blow to our farmers, while the purchases of rubber here do nothing to help our home industries and workers.

The Patriot.

China's Red Army

Chow Ho Sing, representing the Chinese Communist Party which rules over 56,000,000 inhabitants of Central China, was wildly cheered during a speech to the Comintern Congress.

His "Soviet Government of China," he said, was now ready to lead the fight against Japanese imperialists and other foreign raiders, to ally itself with any group or army having the same aim, and to enter into friendly relations with any country supporting China's independence.

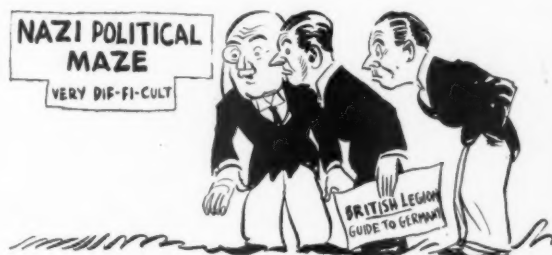
Chinese Soviets, he said, now had a regular army of 500,000 with modern equipment, and a further 1,000,000 irregular partisan troops. The territory in Central China ruled by Communists has doubled in the seven years since the last Comintern Congress.

In addition to the 56,000,000 persons actually under the Communists, another 50,000,000 in neighbouring provinces were more or less directly dominated by them.

Daily Telegraph.

Strange Hospitality

It is unfortunate that the German Government could not have entertained the members of the British Legion without involving them in their political disputes.



We have no concern with the merits of the disagreement between the Nazis and the Stahlhelm, forty-five of whose branches have been disbanded, but we share the common dislike of Britons to washing our dirty linen in public.

While admiring a man who gets on with the job instead of procrastinating, we cannot help feeling that the German Government would have showed themselves to better advantage as hosts by sparing their guests what must, at best, have been an embarrassing situation by allowing the programme already arranged to remain unaltered and postponing any action until after the Legion's departure.

WHO is the LIAR ?

By Kim

EXTRAORDINARY answers were given in the House of Commons last Friday just prior to the adjournment until October next, when the Duchess of Atholl asked questions regarding the suppression of a *Saturday Review* poster. The questions were addressed to the Minister of Transport—whose Department is concerned with the legislation affecting bill-posting—and were replied to by Capt. Hudson, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport.

As the bulk of the public are sick unto death of the tergiversations of politicians and August is the holiday month, it is probable that comparatively few have followed this matter, and yet, underlying what might appear on the surface a subject of no great importance, is a deadly effort to stifle free comment in the Press by any and every means. For those who are not regular readers of the *Saturday Review* a short résumé of the circumstances is necessary.

In our issue of July 27th an article was published under the heading of "Wanted: A Real Conservative Leader," which analysed and examined the results of the West Toxteth by-election, and therefrom criticised the leadership of Mr. Baldwin. It was legitimate criticism and fair comment from beginning to end. There was no abuse of Mr. Baldwin but, on the contrary, we said it was no pleasure to have to nail his sins of omission and commission to the wall, but that only if the Government became Conservative in name and in deed could the country be saved from disaster. We believe this to be true and see no reason to withdraw a word of it, and, moreover, we claim that these views represent those of a vast number of thinking Conservatives. That is our real offence and explains the determination of the Government to muzzle the *Saturday Review* by hook or by crook.

THEY DARED NOT

It was decided to bill the article in the usual way, but strangely enough the firm of bill-posters who usually undertake such arrangements, after first accepting the order, intimated that they were unable to do so. A second and a third firm were approached, and they subsequently withdrew mysteriously. They said they dared not undertake the job as they were told it would be made very difficult if they displayed any poster of the *Saturday Review* which **CRITICISED THE GOVERNMENT**. Other firms refused on the same grounds that they did not dare to offend the Government and had been told that they must not accept any political poster from the *Saturday Review*. It is significant that the first firm approached, when pressed for their reasons for refusing the contract, let the cat out of the bag. The manager admitted that a "representative from the Government" had informed them that there were two Bills on hand

regulating Bill Posting and Hoardings, and if his firm displayed any criticism of the Government, and especially "*Saturday Review*" posters, "**THE GOVERNMENT WOULD NOT FORGET.**" Lady Houston summed up the situation thus revealed in a few words. She said, "So now we know that the Freedom of the Press is a myth. The National Government must not be criticised. And this reveals the Government in the ugly light of being not even a benevolent dictatorship but a Dictatorship of the worst description, that is working not to build up and achieve, but to drag down and destroy the Country that pays them their big SALARIES and trusts them to do their duty."

NOTE THE REPLY

The Duchess of Atholl therefore questioned the Minister of Transport about the refusal of the Bill-Poster firms to exhibit the *Saturday Review* poster and the threat alleged by the firms themselves that they had been threatened or warned by a representative of the Ministry. Note the reply. Capt. Hudson "was not aware" of any such statement. It "hardly required contradiction" in view of its "fantastic character." When large firms of bill-posters all say the same thing, all admit they have received some sort of intimation, all are afraid to accept an order from the *Saturday Review*, the word "fantastic" applies only to the Government's effort to explain it away. Does anyone believe that the editorial staff of the *Saturday Review* had invented a falsehood about **THEIR OWN POSTER**? Or are the Ministry of Transport covering up their repressive threats by lies and placing Capt. Hudson in the invidious position of having to cover up these misdoings? Who was telling a lie? There is little doubt that the public can easily answer **THIS** question.

In reply to a supplementary question by the Duchess of Atholl, Capt. Hudson made another astounding statement. He said the Bill-Posters alluded to the suppression of our poster as "a deliberate and disgraceful falsehood." We do not believe it. We cannot believe that the bill-posting firms, whose refusals one and all are recorded in the *Saturday Review* offices and can be proved, said any such thing.

But Capt. Hudson, as though aware he had a bad case, tried to bolster it up with another allegation. He said the Bill-Posters had an "independent censorship Committee," which did not permit posters to be put up when they "offended against public taste." He then alleged that this anonymous censorship Committee regarded our poster as offending against public taste because it was "a personal attack on an individual." It is very questionable if the few members present last Friday were aware that this nebulous word "individual"

cloaked no less a figure than the Prime Minister himself. In any case, nothing more absurd has been uttered from the Ministerial bench than this. Mr. Baldwin, in this case, is not any "individual." He is the Prime Minister. He holds office under the Crown and is a paid servant of the State. He was criticised with regard to his public duties as Prime Minister of Great Britain, as all who are subjects of the King and the victims of the folly of the Prime Minister are fully entitled to do. To describe, therefore, a poster bearing the words: "Wanted: A Real Conservative Leader" as a personal attack on a private individual is disingenuous and puerile, as is also an attempt to describe such words on a poster as offending against public taste. If Capt. Hudson had said it offended the Government palate it would have been truthful.

If we are to accept Capt. Hudson as representing the Government's attitude on such matters, it then appears that any criticism of the Prime Minister is looked upon as a sort of *lèse-majesté*. Have we, indeed, drifted to a position in our boasted democratic institutions—which Mr. Baldwin is never tired of eulogising—that we are to regard the Prime Minister as someone sacrosanct, one who must not be criticised? Whose public acts we must not question? That whatever he says or does must be accepted as infallible and accordingly if we think he is leading the nation to a catastrophe and dare to say so, we are "offending against public taste"? Such is Capt. Hudson's argument, and in the case of our poster the Government have acted up to it.

If this sort of attitude is to be countenanced, where is it going to lead us? It is really traversing the path of a Dictatorship within an Oligarchy, as was said by Lady Houston last week before we had this astounding contention of the Government.

Those of us who cherish freedom may reflect that the suppression of free opinion is the first step of all dictators, as was seen in the case of the States to-day governed by men who rule at the cost of public liberty and freedom, although there is one enormous difference between them and Mr. Baldwin. Whilst they, whether Mussolini, Hitler, Mustapha Kemal, in their various rôles, have subordinated the individual to this state, they are one and all maintaining strong nationalist governments to strengthen their respective countries, whereas here, in Britain, Mr. Baldwin is Internationalist in policy, is undermining the Empire, and is squandering our national resources. His policy, such as it is, more closely resembles that of Kerensky, who prepared the way for the Russian Revolution and its ghastly sequel. Mr. Baldwin as a private individual may be a most estimable man, but as Leader of the Conservative Party he is paving the road to a terrible disaster, for he has destroyed the Conservative Party, has lost the confidence of the electors who have been his greatest supporters, and is utterly out of touch with the public opinion of the immense majority of Conservatives who placed him in power. We think he is a most sinister influence in the country, and we shall go on saying so whether his Government try to hamstring our posters or no.

Question and Answer

[The following is taken from Hansard, the official report of the Parliamentary Debates. The poster in question was—"Wanted: A Real Conservative Leader."]

Duchess of ATHOLL asked the Minister of Transport whether, in view of the fact that agencies controlling hoardings have recently refused to find space for a political poster because they had been given to understand by a representative of his Department that their position would be prejudiced under the Restriction of Ribbon Development Bill if they exposed posters criticising the Government, he will contradict this intimation and make inquiries into the circumstances under which it was made?

Captain HUDSON (the Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Transport): I am not aware of any foundation for the allegation that any such statement was made by any representative of the Department, which indeed hardly requires contradiction from me in view of its fantastic character.

Duchess of ATHOLL: Would the hon. and gallant Gentleman look at the evidence that I have received giving details of the intimations made as to why the poster was refused?

Captain HUDSON: I have in my hand a letter from the bill posters. They have an independent censorship committee of their industry which does not permit posters to be put up which offend against public taste. The reason they would not put up this one is because it was a personal attack on an individual. As regards the Ribbon Development Bill, the Standing Committee passed the Amendment on 15th July, and the censorship committee's action was taken 10 days later.

Duchess of ATHOLL: Does the hon. and gallant Gentleman not know that another Bill is under discussion by private interests which will affect the position of owners of hoardings?

Captain HUDSON: All I can say is that the industry itself alludes to this question as a deliberate and disgraceful falsehood.

Mr. LOGAN: Is it not possible to bring these people before the Bar of the House?

Mr. COCKS: Are not the posters issued by the Ministry of Health also of a misleading character?

Captain HUDSON: They do not offend against public taste.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

[*"The Houses of Parliament have a peculiar attraction for American visitors."*—DAILY PAPER.]

LADIES and gent.'s, your attention, please.
 Yonder is Westminster Abbey, and these
 Are the British Houses of Parliament,
 Where the politicians misrepresent
 The poor dumb voters from far and nigh,
 Who keep on electing them, heaven knows why,
 Though you'll all be telling me, I dare say,
 That they do the same in the U.S.A.
 I don't recall, if ever I knew,
 What Gladstone said in '72,
 But here's the dispatch box from which he thundered
 About Home Rule. I have sometimes wondered
 What William Ewart, the Grand Old Man,
 Would have thought of Lloyd George's Five Year Plan,
 And whether, if he'd been around, the Wee
 Free Liberals mightn't have been less wee.
 But that's old history. Here to-day
 A fellow called Sticktight Stan holds sway,
 And here is the bench's authentic back
 That is rubbed by the shoulders of Ramsay Mac.
 Why are they sitting side by side,
 The Socialist sachim, the Tories' pride?
 Well, that is rather a difficult story,
 But Stan is a sort of Socialist Tory,
 While Ramsay stands on the Government list
 As an ultra-Conservative Socialist.
 The others? Oh, yes, there's a score or so,
 And here's where they sit in a handsome row:
 Anthony Eden, Geneva's pride,
 Whom Signor Gayda just can't abide,
 Simon who, some think, wasn't so hot
 As the Foreign Office's Great Big Shot,
 There—he's a slim one—sits Samuel Hoare,
 Jim Thomas, Sassoon and a whole lot more,
 Tories all of the bull-dog brand
 Who rule this realm with a firm, kind hand,
 As well as the help they are glad to get
 From the Billstickers' Blackhand Soviet.

Yonder the Socialist cohorts sit,
 Short in numbers and void of wit;
 Antic Attlee and jabbering Jones;
 There Bevin babbles and Greenwood groans,
 And authoritarian Cripps, K.C.,
 Spurning the mugwump T.U.C.
 Watches and waits for the fateful hour
 When he and Trevelyan will come into power,
 And change all this constitutional guff
 For a rousing taste of the Hitler stuff.

Over there sit the Liberal bunch,
 But I rather think that it's time for lunch,
 And Sir Herbert Samuel's Cobdenite squeals
 Shouldn't make anyone miss their meals.

HAMADRYAD.

The Moral of Adowa

By Clive Rattigan

"REMEMBER," said Mussolini a few days ago, addressing soldiers about to embark for Eritrea, "that black troops have always been defeated by Italians and that Adowa, owing to the enormous difference in the proportion of forces—14,000 Italians against 100,000 Abyssinians—was a glorious object of Italian heroism."

It would be as well if others besides Mussolini's immediate audience and the Italian public took his words to heart and appreciated what was the real moral of the Adowa campaign.

Too often that disastrous campaign has been cited as if it were proof of Italy's military weaknesses; of the Italians' inability successfully to wage a war against a savage warlike people like the Abyssinians.

The fighting immediately preceding Adowa is apt to be forgotten—the smashing defeats of Dervish hordes at Agordat and Kassala; Baratieri's victories at Coatit and Senafé over Abyssinians who outnumbered him by five to one; how Toselli with 2,000 men put up a prolonged and gallant fight at Amba Alagi against 30,000 Abyssinians; and how Galliano, with a garrison of 1,000 men, in a hastily improvised fort at Macalle, "arrested for 45 days the conquering hordes of all Abyssinia"—in other words, the combined forces of Menelik and Ras Makonnen.

Lack of Vision

Neither the Italian Government nor those in authority on the spot from first to last appear to have grasped the full gravity of the situation which any attempt to fulfil Italy's ambitions was bound to create.

They underestimated Menelik's abilities; they grossly over-estimated the chances of alienating from his side various important Abyssinian chieftains; they actually promoted Abyssinian unity by their clumsy diplomatic manoeuvres; and they helped to inspire confidence in the enemy by sudden retirements from advanced positions and by leaving small packets of troops to be massacred at the Abyssinians' leisure.

The Italian Government dearly wanted the "Protectorate" they thought they had provided for in the Treaty of Ucciali which Menelik had so contumaciously repudiated. Later, after Amba Alagi, they wanted "*Rivincita*." But in neither case were they prepared to pay the price.

At the beginning they lost no opportunity of impressing upon Baratieri, the Governor of Eritrea, the necessity of the strictest economy. They looked askance on any forward adventures. Yet when Baratieri, much against his will, had retired from Adowa in April, 1895, he received the intimation that

"the Government of the King certainly cannot desire that Ras Mangasha should take possession of Adowa

and Your Excellency will not fail to find a method of preventing him."

Little wonder that Baratieri, unable to get the funds he needed and receiving such extraordinary instructions, should have made that year no less than three attempts in as many months to resign his thankless post.

The sum eventually voted for war against Menelik was twenty million lire, or just about one-twelfth of the cost of Napier's Magdala expedition in 1868.

It was a ridiculously small amount that could only have sufficed for a purely defensive campaign intended to safeguard the original boundaries of Eritrea. But unfortunately the Italian Cabinet made it clear that they expected very decisive results. How these were to be obtained they did not trouble to specify.

Baratieri's Mistake

Baratieri had proved himself to be a very capable leader in the earlier fighting with Mangasha. But the worry of placating Ministers in Rome, the inadequacy of his transport arrangements and of the forces at his disposal and the undisguised jealousy and animosity of his second-in-command, General Arimondi, seem to have affected his judgment.

He blamed Arimondi for the disasters of Amba Alagi and Macalle, but the fault really lay with the vagueness of his own orders. And he appears to have been completely taken by surprise by Menelik's sudden threat to his communications in the Adowa region.

He had never calculated on Menelik being able to assemble an army of 100,000 or more men.

With a force of 17,700 men (10,596 Italians) and without the cavalry that gave the Abyssinians the advantage of great mobility, he moved out to Sauria with the intention of playing a waiting game.

The impatience of his own troops and a reminder from Signor Crispi that "military phthisis is not war" caused another change in his plans. So came that fateful night march with faulty sketch maps that led the left brigade to isolate itself far in advance of the rest of the force and the right to lose touch with the centre. Disaster inevitably followed. Heroism, however magnificent, could not indefinitely withstand overpowering numbers.

Such was Adowa—the nemesis that waited on confused plans and indifferent preparation.

Mussolini is not the man to repeat the mistakes of his predecessors. If and when there is another Abyssinian war, the Italians will have a field force numbering a quarter of a million men, with adequate transport and supplies and an air arm that may well by itself paralyse Abyssinian resistance.

The Peregrinations of a Professor

By Meriel Buchanan

ON July 24th an interview with Sir Andrew Macphail was published in the *Daily Express*. The distinguished Montreal professor had just returned from a Baltic cruise in the "Empress of Australia," and during this trip had spent "a few days" in Russia.

The consummate ease with which the Soviet have been able to hoodwink and deceive visitors to their country has always amazed me, but the remarkable powers of observation exhibited by a learned professor who has only spent a "few days" in the U.S.S.R., and yet finds himself able to give an opinion on the conditions and the policy of the Government are no less extraordinary.

It is rumoured that people are better dressed in the streets; that the education in the schools is showing a marked advancement; that a new constitution with secret ballot and equal electoral privileges is to be brought in. But those who are cognisant of the inner workings of the Kremlin view these outward manifestations not only with suspicion and distrust, but with a feeling that behind them lies a menace, and a renewed threat to the civilisation of Europe.

TURNED INTO SLAVES

"There are no rich, no poor, no unemployed." Sir Andrew Macphail says naively, and the answer to this is only too obvious. "Before the Revolution," a workman told Mr. Will Durant when the latter visited Russia in 1933, "some of us were poor, others were neither rich nor poor, others were rich. Now we are all poor . . . the Soviet Government has turned us all into slaves." It is quite true that unemployment does not exist in the U.S.S.R. It could not exist, for the Government require every man, woman and child, to help them carry out their gigantic schemes. Every one must work! There is indeed so much work to be done, that the "Subbotnik System" (work done gratis for the State, after regular work hours) has been introduced. *But are even the regular work hours paid?*

"Every man," says Sir Andrew Macphail, "has his wages according to his capacity and spends them as he likes." One gathers that Sir Andrew did not read the *Pravda* of June 21 and 22, 1935. In the former it is said that the school teachers and officials in the whole of the Black Sea territory have not received any pay for the month of May, and on June 22 the same paper published the following article: "The workers of the Jaroslav Peat Trust dwell in barracks, single and married persons, girls and men in one room. The wages have not been paid for two or three months. Many workers do not receive any money at all as it is detained for their maintenance. In June the workers had not received any pay for April." This state of things is general all over the U.S.S.R.

"Every picture in the Hermitage," Sir Andrew Macphail states in another part of his interview, "is still there." Did Sir Andrew ever pay a visit to the Hermitage before the Revolution? If so, how does he account for the fact that four pictures, known to have been in the Hermitage collection, were sold in London, and a good many others in America?

"In all the palaces, public museums and churches the only sign of destruction was a single broken pane of glass." This is another of Sir Andrew's statements, and one feels tempted to wonder how many hours he spent counting window panes? Or is he so innocent as not to realise that the Soviet, eager to impress foreign visitors, would hasten to replace broken windows or any other signs of destruction from the buildings likely to be visited by tourists?

WINDOW DRESSING

Even Sir Andrew acknowledges that there may be a certain amount of "window dressing" in the U.S.S.R. and this is perhaps the only really true statement he has made, for "window dressing" has always been, and is now more than ever, an integral part of the Soviet policy.

The clean, well run schools, the enormous factories, the huge tenement flats for workmen, are all part of a gigantic hoax. The condition of the schools has caused even the Soviet Government some uneasiness, the machinery in the factories is falling to pieces through want of care and attention, the tenement flats, which look so well-built and commodious from outside, are nothing but gilded sepulchres, and illustrate in themselves the unsoundness of the gigantic edifice of the new Russia with which the Bolsheviks hope to impress the world. To illustrate the conditions of some of these great buildings I quote an article from the *Veichernaya Krassnaya Gazeta* (The Red Evening Gazette) of Leningrad, published on July 1st, 1935—"The workers dwellings of the Five Years Plan are totally overcrowded. In some rooms two or three families are living together. There is not a vacant place and one cannot even think of taking a rest. The steam heating has not been repaired for two years. In winter the rooms are sometimes as hot as a bath, and sometimes so cold that the water freezes in the glass. As a result workers and children get sick, the floors begin rotting. There is no wood for heating, so that the families cannot cook their meals, nor even make tea."

At the end of his interview Sir Andrew acknowledges that the Soviet Government are determined to root out all the elements of the old aristocratic fabric which years of suppression may not yet have exterminated. "This cruelty," he continues, "will only cease when the outside world recognises the Revolution as an accomplished fact, and

accepts Russia completely within the comity of nations."

But can a civilised world ever do this? Are the hideous crimes they have committed against humanity to be forgiven and forgotten so soon? Is the fact that they are still shooting and imprisoning people to be overlooked? When Lady Astor visited Russia she asked Stalin when he was going to stop killing people, and he answered that he would stop when he thought it "necessary to do so!" Is a Government who can make such statements to be accepted as a unit of the great European states? What about the propaganda going on in England and in India, to-day? **WHAT ABOUT THE RESOLUTION TO MAKE ENGLAND A NEW SOVIET STATE** which

was carried at the last meeting of the Comintern? What about the Forced Labour Camps, the Penal Settlement on Solovetsky Island, the over crowded prisons, the famine in the Ukraine?

"On a lonely road," Sir Andrew Macphail concludes his interview, "I met an armoured car, which I think was a hint to the discontented." If Sir Andrew had been allowed to probe into the real errand of that armoured car he might perhaps have been a little less laudatory and optimistic in his views on the new Utopia of the U.S.S.R. "There is a new system and that system works," he says. But I would like to add "Russia is not thoroughly governed, it is thoroughly terrorised. There is a new system, the system of a more subtle, crueller tyranny!"

The Sugar Beet Muddle

By a Correspondent

THE outcry raised amongst farmers as the result of the majority report of the Commission of Enquiry on the sugar beet industry gives the average man furiously to think. The farmer's point of view is perfectly understandable. He has been encouraged by subsidies to put his land down to beet, and the threat of a removal of the subsidy lands him on the threshold of the bankruptcy court. The consumer approaches the problem from a completely different angle. He sees the probability of a tax on imported sugar solely to bolster up an industry which produces about two per cent. of the nation's total consumption of the commodity, and he contemplates with something approaching awe, the gigantic figure, fast approaching £100,000,000, which has already been spent on this unproductive enterprise. He is also perturbed, though from an entirely opposite viewpoint.

AN AMERICAN EXAMPLE

An exactly similar thing happened in America shortly before the war. The farmers there were encouraged to grow beet with the aid of Government subsidies. When they got to the state where they were producing one half of one per cent. of the total national consumption, the price of cane sugar, delivered in New York, was 50 cents per 100 lbs. To aid the farmer, a tax on imported sugar had to be imposed. To keep the prices level, the New York housewife eventually had to pay five times the cost of imported sugar in order to maintain an industry which by this time was producing four per cent. of the total consumption. The American Government came to their senses and the subsidy was gradually withdrawn.

Very much the same state of things is happening over here, except that practically the whole of our imports of sugar come from our own colonies. In consequence we see the spectacle of a big government grant to farmers to protect the beet sugar industry, while a Colonial Office grant is also made to the sugar-producing colonies to counteract their loss of trade! It is a ludicrous state of affairs,

more like a Gilbertian extravaganza than a legislative attempt to assist the farming industry. It is sixteen times more expensive to produce sugar from beet than it is from cane, quite apart from the quality of the sugar itself. Yet the sorry farce goes on and vast annual sums are spent in maintaining what is probably the least deserving of our national industries.

Naturally, the subsidy cannot be withdrawn all at once. It will have to be done gradually, by say, eight per cent. spread over twelve years. The farmer will have to get back to legitimate crops more suited to English soil.

One thing, however, is certain, and that is that the days of the beet sugar industry are numbered. It has been a costly experiment, which has proved economically unsound. Not only has it cost the nation an enormous sum in subsidies, but it has also brought our sugar-producing colonies to the verge of ruin.

ODE TO A THESAURUS

(A member of Parliament, in an address to the members of his electorate, said: "Constantly consult a Thesaurus . . . My Thesaurus is my bedside book.")

Should dire disaster fill our cup,
And circumstances bore us,
What shall we do to cheer us up?
Apply to our Thesaurus!

If spiteful people call us names
In animated chorus,
We need not heed their churlish claims
While we have our Thesaurus.

However dull and drear may be
The prospect now before us,
We should not care, as long as we
Can flirt with our Thesaurus.

Within that book, we find alone,
The words which will restore us—
(Refresh, recruit, repair, give tone)
In our beloved Thesaurus! C.F.S.

Our Pious Humbugs

By Col. Sir Thomas Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

ON the thirteenth of July last Sir Herbert Samuel, uninvited, assumed the rôle of spokesman for Great Britain and announced, in a tremendous burst of moral superiority, that if war broke out between Italy and Abyssinia there would be a spontaneous outburst of indignation and resentment among the British people.

It is, of course, much to be doubted whether more than a hundredth part of the British people ever learned of this oratorical flight, and it is certain that, of those who did, at least half experienced no other emotion than that of mild amusement, but the harm done by such utterances abroad is incalculable. It scarcely seems possible that even those persons of Liberal tradition who are the most frequent offenders should be unaware of the effect of maddened irritation which such speeches—and even more the attitude which inspires them—provoke. Nations, like individuals, would rather be threatened with physical violence than treated to a forbearing sermon, and the assumption on the part of those who preach of the moral right to do so is nothing short of infuriating.

THEN AND NOW

It is the custom nowadays to deride that Imperial attitude towards the world which flourished at the end of the Victorian era, in that decade now named with scorn "the Deuteronomaic Nineties." The phrase "the white man's burden" is now vaguely taken as a joke by the populace, and as a matter for an exhibition of the most superior contempt by those young persons from Universities whose general attitude suggests that they lacked proper chastisement in childhood and experience of any sort in adolescence. Yet is it not glaringly obvious that the Imperialism of the nineties was at least human, honest and comprehensible, while the attitude of our Herbert Samuels and of our students is simply a claim to moral superiority, coupled with a refusal to do a stroke of practical work about it?

"Englishmen must never profess to be superior to the poor, dear foreigner," say these people, in effect, and then proceed to lecture other nations with an unctuousness and a depth of spiritual pride which would invite a sound thrashing from any individual towards whom it was displayed. When that well-known woman, E. Nesbit, suddenly wrote during her girlhood, which was spent in Berlin

*God! Let the Germans be suppressed,
That Europe at last may have a rest.*

she expressed herself in a manner far more acceptable to foreign countries than that of Sir Herbert and the mawkish "idealists" who employ similar methods.

Nor are we ourselves free from the impertinences of the political crank, though we do not suffer from those of any position—for they know too well that there are votes to be lost. No, the pests of the English themselves are the lesser jacks-in-office, such as the school inspector whose opinions led him recently to make fun at the expense of a child who had written the perfectly accurate statement that "England is the finest country in the world." Not only the child, but her teacher smarted under his "wit" and the matter brought to such a pitch that Parliamentary questions must be asked!

It is not long since arrangements were made in one English town that school children should not, on a festive occasion, sing "Rule, Britannia," lest they offend the delicate susceptibilities of the League of Nations Union. Could such occurrences take place in any other country upon earth? Well might Dean Inge say that the crank is a product peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon race.

PEOPLE WHO DO THE HARM

It is when such persons force themselves on one's attention that one greatly regrets the passing of the pillory, the stocks, and the ducking stool, but they after all are, in the phrase of Burke, but the meagre, shrivelled, chattering, though loud and troublesome creatures of an hour. The people who do the harm are those who chiefly direct their attentions to other nations, and some of them remain nameless, simply emanating from the very bosom of officialdom itself.

When the question of our debt to the United States of America was last the topic of the hour and the subject of governmental activity some anonymous genius produced the text of what became our much belauded Note to America, and that Note embodied this taint to the full, pointing out to our dear cousins that to ask us for money was ultimately to injure themselves. (As if our first concern were whether the United States were injured! Little wonder foreign nations, completely at a loss to understand, dub us a nation of hypocrites).

Since the war these persons have seized their chance and flourished, but once the temporarily exhausted virility of the nation—poured out in Flanders—is replenished and aroused their little day is done, nor can this end come too speedily either for the tranquility of our home or our foreign affairs. It is the worst fruit of our over-vaunted tolerance that small officials can behave as that inspector and pass without the rebuke—or derision—they deserve, for it is from the security of such persons that the more important derive their encouragement and support. It will be a happy day for this country when a manlier attitude than theirs obtains.

RACING

These One Distance Horses

By David Learmonth

THE way the Goodwood Cup "cut up" was deplorable enough—three runners, of whom one was merely a pacemaker to Tiberius—yet the event was worth over twelve hundred pounds to the winner, and it still possesses the shreds of a reputation.

Truth to tell, the Goodwood Cup has not provided large fields of recent years; nor, for that matter, has the Ascot Gold Cup. This is a grave reflection both on our stayers and the value we place upon staying blood.

I make no apology for repeating what I have often said before. Our policy is wrong, and one day we are going to suffer for it. Bad publicity for long distance events, the entry into the sport of certain people who cannot bear to see their money in suspense while, at the same time, being desperate gamblers, and a weakness of control from headquarters have combined to produce this deplorable state of affairs.

In an article not long ago I stated that one can see as exciting a finish in an event over two miles and five furlongs as in any five furlong affair, and, in watching the ding-dong struggle such as we saw in the Goodwood Cup, get far better value for one's money. But how many of the general public realise this? Not many, I should say, judging by the interest the average crowd takes in a long distance event. One may illustrate this by a very simple example. There was a time when the Great Metropolitan at Epsom was the most important race at the Spring Meeting. It speedily declined in importance, while the City and Suburban just as surely went ahead.

Crux of the matter

The crux of the matter is that there are not enough stayers in the country to make the average long distance race worth watching from the uneducated point of view. In the handicaps not half the field have any pretensions to getting the distance, in the weight-for-age events the runners do not turn up, being frightened away by some supposed champion.

After very careful thought, I have come to the conclusion that a strong case could be made out for the abolition of the present classics altogether and the substitution of races for four-year-olds over two miles, two miles and a quarter, and two miles and a half. I say, advisedly, "a very strong case" because there are, undoubtedly, powerful arguments against such a course.

One of the greatest theoretical arguments would be that a really good horse should be able to win over any distance. It is quite true that in these days they never do. But in the olden days they dawdled for the greater part of the way and then, as a very famous jockey once put it to me, "the fellow who could hit the hardest won." So I think

it quite unreasonable in these days to expect a horse to win the Stewards' Cup with top weight and the Ascot Gold Cup as well. But, within limits, I think there should be more flexibility about the limitations of a good horse than is the case to-day, when the successful trainer must have also all the accuracy of the draper's assistant who measures out silk by the yard.

I may at the moment be out of touch with contemporary thought in my admiration for stamina. Undoubtedly I am. But these fashions come and go in cycles, and I would hazard a guess that before another generation is out the sprinters will be going out of favour and hectic efforts will be made to breed stayers. What will happen then I do not know, except that anything with the necessary blood will command a high price, as there will be precious few of them to breed from.

The same thing happened in America when, in days gone by, the "quarter horse" was all the rage. He ran two furlongs and that was as far as he got, and many were the monkey tricks in which jockeys indulged in at the start.

Suggested Rules

Judging by the tales told by the late Sam Hildreth, the public, who had strong local prejudices, often took as great a part in the winning of a race as the winning horse itself. This may have been the reason why such events were abandoned. But such an explanation is as unlikely to be a true one as the fact that when one had won a bet it often took a gun to collect one's winnings and was more often wiser not to attempt to collect them at all. The real reason was probably because, eventually, a controlling body sprung up sufficiently powerful to enforce its will.

The Jockey Club is quite powerful enough to enforce its will. It is, in fact, quite omnipotent where flat racing is concerned. But it is too experienced to make any sudden and radical change which would upset the whole business of racing.

Nevertheless, I cannot help thinking that a rule to the effect that every race meeting must have at least one race over two miles or more each day and one race of not less than two-and-a-half miles if the meeting extends over two days, and two such races if it extends over three or more days, would be an excellent innovation. I would also insist that the added money for these long distance events must not be less than a certain proportion of the total stake money in the rest of the events, so as to ensure that sufficient inducement was given to owners to run their horses.

After all, a horse without stamina is of no practical use whatever, and, if we are to pretend any longer that the purpose of racing is the improvement of the breed in general, we might, at least, pretend properly.

Home Officiousness

By Major G. H. Reade

AT last our "National" Government has taken the first precautionary step towards safeguarding the civil population from air attack. Germany, France, Belgium, Russia, Japan, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland and other countries passed this stage long ago. All these countries have completed their anti-aircraft defence schemes, whether against bombs or gas. Their populations are already expert in the use of gas-masks and at gas drill. Our little effort is as yet only the initial "gas" of the Home Office. Towards anything practical little has been accomplished.

Alone, too, of all the nations, we pursue the mad path of entrusting the defence of the civil population to the civilian Home Office. Defence is primarily a military duty. It is another case of politicians and civilians usurping the duties of soldiers. The Home Office knows nothing about bombs and gas; it is not their business, so it has had to get military experts to advise them. It would be highly amusing if it was not so tragic.

"The Home Office will be responsible for general arrangements." Thus their circular reads. All the warnings of air attack will come from them to be transmitted to the districts involved. The sensible plan would be for the military authorities to advise threatened areas direct, but direct action is foreign to our present Government, which thrives on official circumlocution.

One Big Muddle

It is all in keeping with the policy of the "National" and previous Socialist Governments to ignore any practical suggestion of a single unified Ministry of Defence. The overlapping that goes on in naval, army and air matters is beyond belief. Every one of the essential Services common to the Forces is triplicated. But that is a drop in the ocean of commonsense to a Home Office which joins in a scheme to safeguard 50,000,000 people.

The feeble excuse for this interference is that as civilians have to be protected it is, therefore, a civil job. But the whole meat and bone of air attack, whether by bomb or gas, has nothing to do with civilian minds and civilian plans. The responsibility for defence is a military duty, just as much as civilians resident in a war area are under martial law, or when the peace cannot be kept during riots and the military are called in.

The Home Office in their address to local authorities a few days ago stated, "the necessity for such measures, i.e., the defence of the civil population, must be apparent, and the Government would be neglecting their duty if they failed to take precautions." The answer to this is, "Why on earth have they waited so long?" Even now the scheme put forward is only in the tentative stage. And what scheme? The Home Office is merely

to be a preacher and not an actor. Action will be only for the local authorities. There is to be no help by providing bomb shelters, so casualties are bound to be gigantic. The Government has run away from a duty, which Germany faced with courage. In Germany a householder who has a cellar suitable for conversion to bomb-proof shelter is ordered to use it for a fixed number of his neighbours. Thus a whole system of shelters is provided in every road and area.

If other schemes entrusted to local councils are any guide as to the probable result of this one, the Home Office effort will be one big muddle. Every council will act as it thinks fit, some councillors will pretend to know more than any military expert, and some councils, dominated by Socialists, who may disapprove of war, will do nothing. Under weak Home Office guidance and rule the result will be disastrous, but if the military were in charge these Socialist councils would either have to obey or take the consequences. The population, too, are to buy their own gas-masks. The purchase is not compulsory and, therefore, not one in a thousand people will buy. They will wait till the Government is compelled to issue them free.

What a Plan!

What a plan! The Territorial Army, our first line of home defence, numbers only 125,000, and many of the men are without efficient gas-masks; so what of the fifty million which will be required, if every civilian is to have one? The public would like to know when an issue of these masks may be expected, and when and where and by whom will they be taught to adjust and wear them without being suffocated. Perhaps the Home Secretary and his staff will give public demonstrations!

An Army demonstration of measures against gas took place a short time ago, but no Home Office representative was there. It was carried out, as was to be expected, very efficiently, and very useful lessons were learned. But now in every category of what is required, all the local arrangements, medical services, handbooks of instruction, organisation, summary of precautions, Home Office and local authorities action, duties of employers in industry and commerce, actions of householders and the public generally, all is entrusted to a special department of the Home Office. The word "military" is not used once.

A final example of the square peg in the round hole. It is understood there are to be no air-raid drills, and no other comprehensive actions are to be taken to ensure, beyond question, the active co-operation of the public such as has taken place in Japan, France, Italy and Germany. In Great Britain the issues of life and death are to be left largely to chance, to the Home Office and county and borough councils.

Hunter By Night

By Dan Russell

THE countryside lay quiet and drowsy under the powerful rays of the August sun. No breath of air stirred the lime trees on the village green. The air was full of the humming of insects which danced out their brief lives among the sweet-scented flowers. The grass under foot was yellow and dry from the fierce heat.

Up the deserted village street came a boy. He was hot and tired; the trees on the green threw an inviting shadow on the grass. The boy seated himself on the roots of an ancient oak and rested. Idly he toyed with the stick he carried, and drummed with it upon the gnarled trunk.

Tap, tap, tap, went the stick, and at the third stroke something sneezed. The boy looked up in amazement, but there was nothing to be seen. He tapped the tree again; there was a hissing snort and a sound of scratching; and then from a hole in the trunk a face peered down at him.

It was a white, heart-shaped face with big yellow eyes. It peered sleepily down as if to ascertain what had awakened it. The boy beat again upon the tree and the barn owl flew out of its hole.

He was a large bird, some fourteen inches long; his head and upper parts were of a pale orange colour marked by a multitude of small, scattered chestnut-coloured spots and gray and brown zig-zag lines. His face, throat and under parts were purest white. His long wings were fringed with the softest of feathers, so that his flight was absolutely silent.

THE URCHINS

He flew across the green to a tall beech on the other side, where he perched on a high bough. He was blinded by the unaccustomed sunlight, and bewildered by this strange, bright world in which he found himself. Also he was not a little angry at being awakened from his day-long sleep. He sat in the beech tree and blinked stupidly in the light, his yellow eyes rolling grotesquely.

A sparrow flew into the lower part of the tree and perched on a twig. Suddenly it saw the owl above it. Instantly the little bird began to twitter and scold. In less than a minute many more sparrows arrived and added to the din.

The owl shifted uneasily upon his perch. He was like a dignified schoolmaster surrounded by a mob of unruly urchins. The sparrows fluttered about him, raising their shrill voices in denunciation of the unlucky owl.

At last he could stand the baiting no longer. He launched into the air and flew back to his oak tree. Once inside the cool dimness of the hollow trunk he composed himself to resume his broken slumbers.

It was dusk when the owl woke again. He scrambled out of his hole on to a branch and yawned prodigiously. He stretched out his left foot as if to shake hands, then he stretched it

behind him, balancing himself with outspread wings. This process was repeated with the other foot. Then he shook himself and yawned again. Now he was awake and ready for what the night might bring. He was very different from the sleepy, dazed bird of the day. He was now a keen, alert hunter, his big eyes gleaming with the excitement of the hunt. With swift, silent wing-beats he floated off like a white ghost on his nightly search for prey. Over the green he flew to the big fifty-acre field where the grass had been cut.

He quartered the field methodically up and down, missing not one inch of its surface. In the darkness those luminous yellow eyes could see the slightest movement of any small creature upon the ground.

A MIGHTY TOTAL

A mouse ventured forth from its hole and scuttled along its tiny runway between the grass-stems. The owl saw the movement and hovered. Then he screamed a blood-curdling "Tu-whit, Tu-whit."

The mouse heard the dreaded voice and froze into terrified immobility. The owl pounced, and the mouse died in the clutch of the sharp talons.

He took his prey to a nearby gate-post and transferred it to his beak. After some juggling he got it in the right position; then he swallowed it whole. He rested for a moment, then returned to his hunting. Nine times that night he returned to the gate-post with a mouse, and each one he swallowed whole. Next day the fur and bones would be coughed up in the form of hard pellets.

It was towards dawn that he left the field and flew over to the rick yard where the corn was stacked. Here were rats in abundance.

He saw movement beneath a loose sheaf and stooped at it. His talons sank deep into the sides of a big buck rat. The rat squealed and turned to bite, but before it could do so the hooked beak struck down with vicious force and broke its skull. The owl ate the rat on the rick. It was too big to swallow whole, so he tore it with his sharp mandibles and ate with noisy relish. Then once again, insatiable, he took up the hunt—"Tu-whit. Tu-whit."

Before the eastern sky had turned to pink and the clouds were edged with crimson, five more rats had fallen to the ghostly hunter. A mighty total when it is realised that this was only one night's work.

As the edge of the rising sun cleared the far horizon, the barn owl screamed farewell to the fields and returned to his hollow tree. Here he groomed himself and then, as the daylight stole upon the world, this hunter of the night settled down to sleep through the long, hot day until the moon rose again, and he could once more wage his unceasing war upon the rodent tribe.

The Work of the French Foreign Legion

By an Englishman in its Ranks

Morocco, July.

IN May of this year the Foreign Legion—or at least that part of it which is serving in Morocco—followed Caesar's classic example and moved out of its winter quarters. As the local Albigenses, etc., have been reduced to a submissive state, and there are no more worlds to conquer for the time being, our chief task this year is analogous to our famous predecessors' work—of secondary importance, namely, showing the flag, road and bridge-building and forcing on a long-suffering native population the fruits of European civilisation.

Each year we penetrate further and further south, consolidating last year's work and adding another few miles of road. To reach the point where work is to commence involves a march of several hundred kilometres which, since there is no urgency, is accomplished by daily stages averaging 25 kilometres, but the selection of the camping ground for the night is always governed by the all-important factor—proximity of water.

In camp we live in "geitouns"—six men to each "geitoun." These are formed by buttoning together ground-sheets in two lots of three. Steel-pointed wooden supports are driven into the ground, and the ground-sheets, sloping at an angle of 45 degrees, are fixed to either side of these supports.

VARYING FORTUNE

We march for fifty-five minutes, halt for five, and off again. After the second or third stretch a slightly longer halt is given for breakfast (*sic*). This consists of 4 ozs. dry bread and, as a rule, a couple of sardines, and by the time the Légionnaire has finished his service his attitude towards sardines is on a par with that of the war-time Tommy with regard to stew and "bully."

The Legion always marches in greatcoats, even in the very hottest weather. Spare and small kit is rolled inside a blanket cylindrical-wise and the ground-sheet is wrapped round this roll, tied at each end and in the middle and carried on the back, the looped ends going over the shoulders. This "bardah," as it is called, is not very heavy, but the manner of carrying it, plus the fact that it keeps slipping down the back tends, after a few miles, to convince the bearer that Atlas' job was, after all, very much over-rated.

When the point at which road-making is to start (or to be continued) is reached, the nearest suitable site for camp is chosen—the sections march to work each day until the working-point is too far advanced, when the camp is moved forward. As is always the case in this life, fortune varies. Some ground is soft and sandy and the "picks" are in clover, while the "shovels" sweat and groan; then a rocky patch is struck, and the position is

reversed. The heat and flies are very trying and as the work progresses so does one's strength diminish. Sand and dust, rising from pick and shovel, get into mouth, throat and lungs, producing a thirst which was once described as being worth a small fortune to a brewer.

In camp Reveille at 4.30 a.m., march off at 5 o'clock and work until 7.45, when the troops fall out for breakfast. Work is resumed at 8 o'clock and goes on until 10.30 or 11, then back to camp for dinner. The siesta lasts until 2.30, work being resumed until 5.30. Supper is at half-past six and roll-call and "lights out" at nine. That is the end of the day, but one has to mount night guard every fourth or fifth night.

Sunday is a day of rest from road-work. The morning is occupied with rifle inspection, washing of clothes and "make and mend," while the afternoon is officially one's own, but the wise Légionnaire clears out of the camp until supper-time, as all sorts of unforeseen fatigues are apt to turn up.

A GREAT FEAT

When any bridge-building or mining work demands skilled labour, the job is given to the C.S.P. (Compagnie des Sapeurs et Pionniers). Let into the side of a mountain wall which borders a road in the Grand Atlas region is a tablet testifying that "The C.S.P. of the 2^{ème} Etranger removed the word impossible from the French dictionary." They bored a tunnel, and ran the road through the heart of the mountain.

In the days before the pacification of Morocco when on road-making we worked with loaded rifles and equipment beside us, for not infrequently dissident tribes would make a sudden swoop on the working-parties and we had to do a quick-change act from navvies to scrappers. I heard many fellows say last year that they would really welcome the tako-o-o sound of the Arab bullets to relieve the monotony!

It is unnecessary to point out that the roads we make would not pass the critical inspection of Mr. Hore-Belisha, nor are they macadamised like those which link the principle cities from Marrakesh to the Algerian border, but they fulfil their military purpose and can be used by army columns and their transport, military and civilian lorries, and buses.

Road-work goes on until the middle of September, when the units split up and make for their winter quarters—in "postes" or, in the case of the fortunate ones, garrison towns. There is no longer need to build blockhouses and forts to protect our work in the winter months, so we leave behind us another link in the chain which one day will run without a break from the frontier of Spanish Morocco in the north to the southernmost bounds of the Sahara.

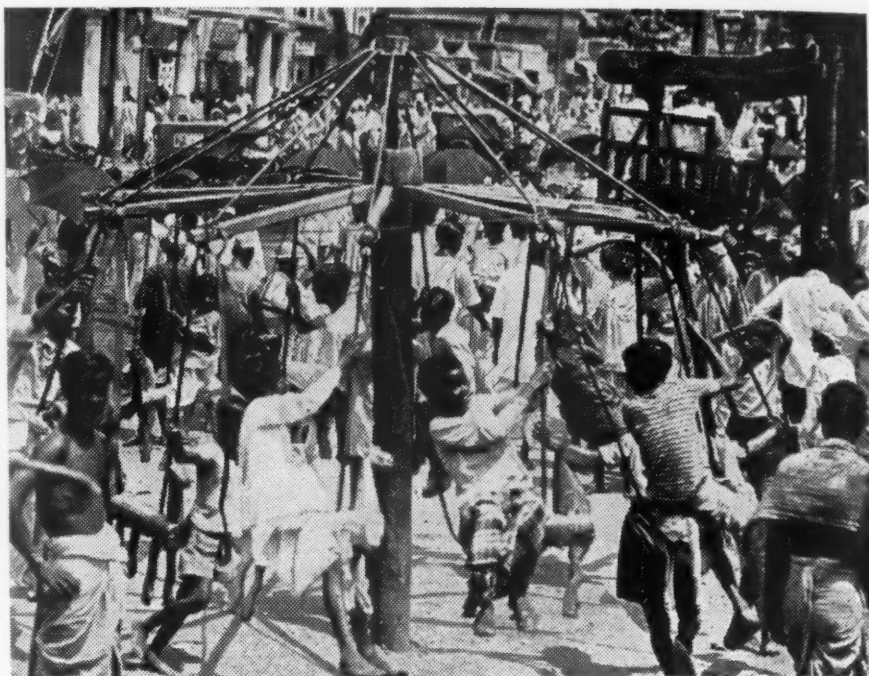
THE Royal Assent was given to the India Bill (now an Act) on August 2nd. The passage of the Bill has aroused no enthusiasm among those who blindly supported it in both Houses, and no appreciative response from the small group of Indian politicians for whose benefit it was designed. Both here and in India the future is regarded with fatalistic resignation or growing anxiety. Perhaps Mr. Baldwin who last year assured the Conservative party that if the Bill did not pass we should lose India in two generations, feels happier now. If not, he may find comfort in the words of a leading London daily—which has used all its influence to push the Bill and to stifle any criticism—that posterity will rate “the preparation and passage of the India Act of 1935 as the highest expression of political courage and wisdom in this generation”! Those of us who remember similar assurances from the same organ on the passage of the Montagu - Chelmsford Reforms of 1919 and the Irish Treaty of 1921 will not be impressed by this pontifical utterance.

ANTI-BRITISH CONGRESS

The Act brings to an end—an untimely end—150 years of British achievement which gave our Indian Empire security, justice and progress such as were unknown in years long past. The control of the whole civil administration is now transferred—subject to certain reserve powers of the Governor-General and Provincial Governors—to Indian politicians. Some of these are able men and genuinely anxious to maintain good government. But they are in a minority with a negligible following and are being more and more pushed aside by the Congress party, which is rapidly becoming the mouthpiece of the Hindu intelligentsia, and whose declared aims are the domination of the various minorities and the extinction of the British connection, of British trade, and of the small remaining British element in the Services.

There are only two forces which can hope to stand out against the Congress: the Muslim minority of 70 millions in British India and the Princes, who rule another 80 millions in the States. The Muslim minority is in a strong position owing to its separate representation in the Provincial and Central legislatures: while the Princes—if they all join the proposed Federation, which is very doubtful—will have the right to nominate one-third or more of the Central Legislature.

INDIA



Happy under British Rule

It may be asked: What about the British partner who has hitherto played such a great part in the Executive and the Legislatures? Lord Lothian's Franchise Committee classified the British who have made the India of to-day as a “minor minority”; the Act treats it accordingly, and the hitherto predominant partner will have little or no influence in the future India!

What is that future likely to be?

When a similar question was asked as regards Ireland, Dr. Mahaffy's witty reply was, “In Ireland the unexpected generally happens, the inevitable rarely occurs.” The same applies with even greater force to India. Now that the stabilising British influence is being reduced to a minimum, the danger is that India will relapse, slowly or rapidly, into the anarchy that was chronic before British authority was established.

The views of an experienced Indian Governor, and a distinguished Indian soldier (General Sir Umar Haiyat Khan) as given to the writer are pertinent). The Governor visualised the India of the future as “to start with the Paradise of the professional politician, later on of the military adventurer.”

The General's view, as expressed to Mr. Baldwin, was: “You are throwing away your Empire, opening the gates of India to the invader, and preparing the way for civil war in my country.” These are dismal prophecies, but the

under SWARAJ

By
MICHAEL O'DWYER

men who made them know their India better than Mr. Baldwin or Sir Samuel Hoare.

The political future will turn mainly on (1) the working in the Provinces of the provincial autonomy, expected to come into force on 1st January, 1937; (2) the working of the Central Government, which will become an all-India Federation if and when a majority of the Indian Princes are persuaded to join.

In the Provinces the momentum which the administrative machine has acquired under British rule, backed up by the remaining vestiges of British prestige and the few British officials still left, will probably keep things going for some years unless some sudden disturbance, such as an outburst of sectarian or racial antagonisms, sets the country ablaze. Such outbreaks are most likely to occur in Northern India, as has been seen in Karachi, Lahore, Agra, Cawnpore, Ferozabad, etc., in recent years. But an outbreak in one Province often provokes retaliation in another, and may set most of India in a blaze. Even to-day, with the Army and Police under British control and working in the closest co-operation, the task of restoring order is a most difficult one, and in the last resort falls on the British soldier.

A GRAVE OUTLOOK

The Punjab Government, in the recent Muslim-Sikh outbreak, had to appeal for reinforcements of

police and troops from at least three other Provinces, who readily responded. But when the Provinces become autonomous and the Police, who are the first line of security, are placed under an Indian Minister—responsible to a communal majority—can we count (a) on the morale of the police being as sound as it is to-day, (b) on the prompt and impartial action of a Minister who may have to use the Police against his own co-religionists, (c) on the willingness and capacity of one Province to assist another in a crisis?

Those who know Indian conditions and Indian politicians are doubtful on all three points.

But, apart from such disturbing factors, we must look forward to a steady deterioration in the standards of administration as the British element which established those standards disappears. The average Indian may not take notice of this till it involves gross injustice or heavier taxation. The injustice will, however, be strongly resented if he thinks it proceeds from racial or religious hostility,



The future?

and both of these will be suspected—and not without reason—by the minorities under a system which places a communal majority—Hindu in most provinces, Muslim in a few—permanently in power.

Even a more potent source of trouble will arise from the financial burthens imposed by the new Constitution. It is admitted that nine of the eleven Provinces have had heavy deficits for the last three years, that they are only kept going by increasing subventions from the Central Government, that the latter is only able to balance its own budget by raising taxation—especially Customs—to the extreme limit. On the top of this the Centre and the Provinces will have to find extra income—

estimated by the Government at £5,000,000 and by impartial experts at £15,000,000—to finance the new scheme.

Where is that additional revenue—roughly 10 per cent. of the present total—to come from? That question has yet to be answered. The last thing that an Indian Finance Minister will be willing to propose is a new tax, and it is certainly the last thing that the already overburdened Indian taxpayer will accept.

It is certain that in the next few years we shall see an unseemly scramble from the Provinces for larger subventions from an impoverished Centre, and probably hasty devices to meet the recurring deficits by borrowing. It will be interesting to compare the rate which India will have to pay for her loans when she stands on her own with the rate she pays now when she has, or is supposed to have, the British Government to back the bill. Of all her future difficulties, the financial one is the most certain and the most serious.

But, in addition to the provincial problems, the general financial deterioration and the provision of reserves against war, famine, earthquakes, the future Central Government will have to face the dangers of external aggression and growing internal discords. It is forgotten that these were chronic before British rule, and will inevitably tend to reappear as that rule is weakened or withdrawn.

As long as we maintain an adequate British force and an efficient Indian Army, we can repel external attack. But already there is a demand, even from "Moderate" politicians, for a substantial reduction of 60,000 British troops—the backbone of defence and internal security—on the ground of economy, and for the rapid elimination of the British officers who have made the Indian Army. Both these demands will grow in intensity as the financial position becomes more acute and the Indian politicians become more assertive of their claim to control defence and internal security.

It will need a strong Governor-General in India, backed up by a strong Government here, to resist these specious demands, compliance with which would spell disaster to the British Empire and to the security of the Indian peoples. Can we count on the future Governor-General and on the Government here?

DEPARTED GLORY

The answer is—not with any certainty. The Governor-General of the future will be a pale ghost sitting on the tomb of the once glorious Indian Empire; the nominal head of an all-India Federation, with no British adviser among his ten Ministers, only a few non-official British members lacking administrative experience in the Legislature, and only a small and diminishing British element in the Services. Should such a Governor-General have the courage to stand up against his Indian Ministers, they will in the words of Sir Cowasji Jahangir teach him a lesson. The position of the Provincial Governor will be one of even greater isolation.

It may be argued that the Governor-General will have the support of the Princes. The Princes as a body will have their own interests to protect

against British Indian encroachment; they will be slow to antagonise the dominant Congress Party; more inclined to bow to the rising than to the setting sun. Only a few of the more ambitious really want Federation, and those only because they (or their Ministers, who are generally British Indians) aspire to getting rid of paramountcy or to playing a big rôle in all-India politics, and in the last resort can rely on their resources, financial and military. When put to the test, the reliance of our National Government on the Princes to support or take the place of the British partner, is likely to prove a broken reed.

Finally, the proposed all-India Federation, from its very constitution, will inevitably be weak, heterogeneous, lacking in cohesion and permanence and unable to stand any serious strain. Any attempt to impose the Federal authority on an unwilling Province or State will provoke resistance and may lead to secession. For instance, the Punjab, a great producing Province, resents the high import duties imposed in the interests of Bombay and Bengal manufacturers. If it decides to leave the Federation and to revert to direct relations with the Crown, can the Federal forces be employed to coerce a Province whose peasantry supplies two-thirds of the Indian Army?

ANARCHY AND INVASION

We shall probably for a decade or so see attempts being made to buttress up the artificial Federation. But the centrifugal forces will become more and more powerful, and in the last resort the strong arm of the fighting man will count for more than the voice of the politician or the vote of the ballot box. India would then cease to be the Paradise of the professional politician, who would be driven off the stage by the military adventurer or a powerful Indian Prince. We should see again the India of the eighteenth century—anarchy within and probably invasion from without.

Is this to be our gift to India—a sword in place of the *pax Britannica*? Some cynics say, "Oh, but if that happens either the peoples of India will beg of us to resume control, or we shall intervene of our own motion." The answer is that in the East if you are once unseated you lose face and cannot hope to regain your seat. If we expected the peoples of India to give us a leg-up, the reply would be that which the writer heard made to a friend in the hunting field who, having fallen at a jump, asked a farm hand to help him back to the saddle. The farm hand refused, saying, "You were there a minute ago, and why the divvle didn't you shtay there?" Should we not deserve such a reply?

If your friends find difficulty in obtaining the "Saturday Review" from their news-agents, ask them to send a postcard to The Publisher, "Saturday Review," 18-20 York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

Poison for Food Production

By S. L. Bensusan

A FEW years before he died, Dr. Rudolph Steiner, Philosopher and Mystic, criticised severely the methods of food production in vogue throughout the world. He declared that we are over stimulating the soil; he went so far as to suggest that we are seriously affecting its value and health in order to increase production. He put forward the view that Nature's way should be followed, that lost fertility can best be restored to the soil by the use of compost of vegetable matter, with farm yard manure taken from farm yards in which animals have been fed on untreated grass land. He pointed out that under the modern system of manuring, dressing and spraying, diseases of crops have not diminished. They have increased considerably and as troubles make their appearance, we turn more and more to poisonous substances to put an end to the evils that our methods have engendered.

The Society which he established has an Agricultural Foundation. This seeks to promote a better and safer system of food production, and, although the work has been hampered seriously by the antagonism of those who are interested in the sale of poison for crops, it has made headway, particularly in Holland.

Soil Sickness

The theory behind the work is that if seed is sown under favourable conditions on soil which has not been treated with mineral mixtures, the tendency of the plant will be to grow away from diseases since these diseases are very largely due to soil sickness brought about by modern methods of stimulation.

To quote but one example of the results. I was shown at Bray a tomato house with a magnificent crop of fruit that commanded a better price than any other in the nearby town; from first to last the house, which had never been sprayed or fumigated, remained free from all the troubles that tomato growers suffer. The Society's experts have certain views about the right time for planting and of juxtaposition of crops. They claim and can show by photographs of experiments that there is a moon period in which optimum growth may be looked for. They declare that, save in the months of April and December, plants show more light activity during the waxing phase of the moon and that optimum growth is secured by planting two days before the full moon.

Plants grown through a long series of experiments by Frau Kolisko have been photographed, and some of the results are surprising. Peas sown two days before the full moon yielded thirty pounds weight on a certain plot while on a plot of precisely similar soil sown two days before the new moon, the yield was twelve pounds. The figures for tomatoes were thirty-six pounds and twenty pounds, for beans eighteen and twelve. Other

experiments show that oats planted five days before the full moon compared with those planted three days after the full moon in the ratio of thirty-two to twenty. Winter wheat two days before the full moon averaged thirty-three and two days after, twenty-six; spring wheat two days before the full moon nineteen and two days after the full moon thirteen and a half. These are experiments that could be verified by anybody.

Turning from the view of the principles set out by Dr. Steiner I pick up one of the most recent Bulletins of our Ministry of Agriculture, dated March 1935, and read "most of the fluids used for the control of insects and fungi have either a corrosive effect on the metal or rubber parts of the spraying machine, or have small particles in suspension which wear away valves and plungers." On the next page I read "Insecticides and fungicides are as follows:—Lead arsenate, nicotine and nicotine sulphate, copper sulphate and ammonium carbonate, sodium and potassium cyanides, calcium cyanide, formaldehyde." We know, too, that tar distillates and nicotine are largely used in our fields, and another leaflet dealing with the winter spraying of apple trees says—"nicotine, especially when undiluted, is a dangerous poison and must be used with great care. Stocks of nicotine should be kept under lock and key and be handled only by responsible persons."

We are told that cancer frequently attacks people who work with tar, we know that despite all efforts cancer is on the increase, but the use of tar distillates in the orchard is nowhere condemned.

Dangerous Food

Dr. Rudolph Steiner said that there is in nature a certain rhythm, a systole and diastole that has been arbitrarily disarranged by those whose first and last thought is to exploit Mother Earth, to drug and even poison her. Metchnikoff told a friend of the writer that he would become a meat eater again rather than eat vegetables forced in *cloches* on heavily manured beds. Dr. Steiner held that the drugs we use communicated themselves to the earth, producing pests and disease in our fields and sickness and death among our animals.

It would be well if the experiments being carried out by a few enthusiasts could receive the serious attention of our scientists. It is not difficult to find instances in which people have been poisoned by eating apples from trees that have been too heavily sprayed. Certain vineyards, heavily dressed with copper for phylloxera in France, led to the death of a number of recruits only a few years ago. A good many owners of private gardens, orchards and glass in this country are contenting themselves with a limited and healthy production, but the rank and file for whom commercial enterprise must suffice continue to eat food in the production of which poison plays a great part.

CORRESPONDENCE

"Wanted: A Real Conservative Leader"

SIR,—As a real Conservative Imperialist I read with grave misgiving the announcement that posters from the *Saturday Review* not in support of the present Administration has been banned. Is it too much to pray that the would-be censors ruthlessly suppress such organs of revolutionary propaganda as the *Daily Worker*? No, no; such action is unthinkable, as the "National" Government would lose many votes! But, sir, has not one dominant factor been overlooked; that in the heart of every real Britisher there burns an undying flame of love of justice? It is because this is a real national characteristic that all the attempts in the world to suppress or victimise any section of people is doomed to a crushing defeat. Who is afraid when our pinch-beck "Radical Socialists" crack their whip? That method may be successful in U.S.S.R., but I venture to say never will the people of England stand for such methods. The day of reckoning is yet to come. The people of England, whilst determined that Socialism shall never rule this land and our kinsmen overseas, are equally determined that Socialism by stages shall never be allowed room in which to lengthen its tentacles. If such a grave menace is allowed to succeed, I predict that Parliamentary Government, as we know it, will have by its own actions in destroying statesmanship, be itself destroyed. What is wanted is a Tory leader to rebuild the party and to "cultivate statesmanship," which means the extermination of those weeds which are of a distinct variety—politicians. They choke all that is good; therefore their elimination from the soil is essential.

STANLEY A. GEORGE.

Chelsfield, Kent.

The Denationalising Spirit

SIR,—The sympathies of every patriotic Briton must be with you over the latest example of what I can only regard as the denationalising spirit set to work ever since this so-called "National" Government came into power.

Under the aegis of Baldwin and his followers the people of this country are gradually being taught to be suspicious of everything really British and to be internationally minded.

We are to think of everyone's interests but our own. We must surrender India to the Indian Congress wallah and the Russian Soviet. We must put the glory of Geneva before the glorious traditions of the British Empire and the British race. We must offer ourselves disarmed to the mercy of every nation which believes in keeping itself strong in an unrestful world.

This Baldwin spirit of surrender all round is rapidly turning our good red British blood into white, with the result that we are losing our independence and becoming a race of weak-kneed sycophants.

Can we wonder then that the Bill Posters' Association is frightened to do its duty by the British public and instead must needs shape its policy in the direction of more favours to come?

AN ADMIRER OF LADY HOUSTON.

London, W.1.

The Truth Hurts

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—During the life of the "National" Government we have learned to expect all sorts of idiotic vetoes and decrees, but Westminster has gone even one better than anything "Dora" could ever have thought of. What a laugh our newspaper readers in America must have when they read that Government influence banned the display of your poster: "Wanted: a Real Conservative Leader." How such a poster can be construed as anything but an honest statement of fact is beyond me. Members of all the political parties, and especially real Conservatives, know that a real Conservative leader—not a pale pink one—is needed to-day if this country is to take its proper place in world affairs. If Mr. Baldwin is so anxious to link arms with Mr.

Ramsay MacDonald, then let him do it properly and go over to his party and make room for a real true blue Conservative who would really do something.

S. D. RAWDE.

Thornton Heath, Surrey.

Those Posters

SIR,—The action of the Government, through some individual threatening trouble to the poster firms, must be fought tooth and nail, and Lady Houston has already proved that she means to fight on as a patriot, and have the right to criticise the Prime Minister and show to the nation that a Premier who is nominally a Conservative but does not act up to the great principles, is not the man to continue as head of the Government. "Wanted, a Real Conservative Leader" is a good slogan, and this desirable result will only be achieved through the medium of all Conservatives becoming real ones, and not of the Stanley Baldwin brand.

"VOTER."

London, W.C.1.

Navy or Air Force?

SIR,—While nearly always in agreement with your patriotic views, I should like to suggest that you are "off the line" in considering that our Fleet ought to be enlarged.

Ships are now back numbers. Whether at sea or in harbour they are death traps if a determined and persistent attack is made by a cloud of modern bombers, following each other every quarter of an hour or so. Nothing could survive such attack, despite the opinions to the contrary of optimistic naval officers.

Of course we must not scrap our Navy with its splendid records and staff, but keep it up in full efficiency, and hope for the best. But if we can afford forty or fifty millions for new outlay (as appears to be vitally necessary), let it all be put into means of air attack on our enemies, and not even one million into ships or mechanical arms such as tanks (both greyhound and other types). They, as well as ships, can be destroyed by bombers, or death rays, or by mystery ones, with no real chance of efficient reprisals.

It is well that this should be recognised before we have spent our last money on futile defences.

H. COSTERTON.

4, Clermont Road, Brighton.

Socialist Legislation

SIR,—I was pleased to see the article, viz., "Pirate Government," by Sir Thomas Polson, in the issue of the *Saturday Review*, July 27th. As a lifelong Conservative I am disgusted with the socialistic legislation of the present Government, under which many hundreds of small property owners in Leeds are being reduced to poverty. I hope you will continue to expose the wickedness of this Government.

Harrogate Road, Leeds.

HENRY FRANCE.

Attracting Foreign Tourists

SIR,—I appreciate very much the tribute paid by Mr. J. T. Francis in suggesting that Britain should follow Italy's example and attract foreign tourists by making known the excellence of English and Scottish dishes.

I shall be happy to send to any of your readers a copy of the Italian Food and Wine Maps to which he makes such kind reference.

I cannot help thinking that similar publications concerning Britain would arouse considerable interest, and do much to remove the present unjustifiable impression prevalent abroad regarding the quality of English cooking.

W. STORMONT, London Manager,

Italian State Tourist Dept.—E.N.I.T.

16, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1.

CORRESPONDENCE

"Spare the Rod..."

SIR,—Had this so-called "National" Government been flayed by the daily Press as consistently as it has been lashed by the *Saturday Review*, there would have been no chance of hundreds of Conservatives losing their soul and their virility in the House of Commons. It is a fact, as astounding as it is incontrovertible, that both the Central Office and the leaders of the Conservative Party are infected with the belief that the best way to promote the interests of Conservatism is to behave unconservatively. Were this not the case the India betrayal would have been impossible, our fighting forces would not today be weakened beyond the danger point, and adequate tariffs would have long ago been implemented in the direction of discriminating in favour of the Empire and against the foreigner. And, additionally, the malignant process of using ever increasing amounts of the reserves of industry in bribery of the masses would have been whittled down to proportions similar to those employed in any foreign country in Europe. The idea that bad Socialists can be converted into good Conservatives by this bribery should, years ago, have been seen to be erroneous, if only from the fact that this idea has been responsible for Mr. Baldwin's defeat on two previous occasions by virtue of mass abstention from voting by Conservative electors, who have no use for Mr. Baldwin's semi-socialism.

At the by-election at North Portsmouth, Admiral Sir Roger Keyes was asked whether he was in favour of the restoration of cuts. His answer: "I refuse to make promises to any class or section in order to gain votes," might well be taken as a motto by Mr. Baldwin and every other jellywobbling Conservative foolish enough to imagine that pandering to the mob will attract votes. That nothing succeeds like real Conservatism has been proved times out of number, the last occasion having been the 1931 General Election, when eleven millions of electors voted for a forthright Conservative policy which, during the last four years has been dishonoured by a paper Conservative Government tainted by the virus of decrepit Liberalism and discredited Socialism.

Dishonoured Pledges

Had the distinct Conservative mandate given to 470 Conservative nominees by these eleven millions of electors been implemented there would have been no lost by-elections, and the future of the Conservative party would not to-day be precarious. Mr. Baldwin has been defeated previously as a penalty for dishonouring election pledges. In 1929 he "thought" that the Conservatives would come back to power with a majority of "something over fifty," and in spite of his many socialistic proclivities during the last four years, he tells us that the result of the next General Election will be the return of another "National Government, but with a smaller majority." He seems to be dead to the fact that, as in 1929, a large section of the Conservative electorate is disgusted with and contemptuous of his failure, with 470 Conservatives to support him in the House of Commons, to have implemented the 1931 mandate given to him, and of his partiality for pandering to the Socialists in the hope of getting some votes from that direction.

Again, he will not be forgiven by eleven millions of Conservative electors for attempting to drop the Conservative in favour of the "National" label, whatever the latter may mean. He stands forth, apparently quite unashamed, as the worst and most ineffective leader with whom the electorate has ever been burdened, and as a result it is more than possible that he will sustain, and, as far as he is concerned, deservedly so, his third, or "hat trick," debacle at the next General Election. If he possessed a spark of patriotism and selflessness, in fact as opposed to mere self-assertion, he would give place to one of the many competent potential leaders who possess an adequate conception of the meaning of true Conservatism.

PHILIP H. BAYER.

58, Welbeck Street, London, W.1.

India: The Lost Dominion

SIR,—Recently we have heard and read much about slavery in Abyssinia. In the House of Lords, on the 17th July, 1935, there was a discussion regarding the suppression of slavery, when the Archbishop of Canterbury referred to the inadequacy of the present rules of procedure, by which the League of Nations Committee was debarred from receiving evidence except through the channel of the governments concerned. It was just those governments from whom information was most needed who obviously supplied the least—China, Liberia, Abyssinia and Arabia in particular.

He and the advocates and supporters of the proposed constitution for India are evidently ignorant of, or indifferent to, the ruinous consequences to India and the Empire which will occur soon after the new Government comes into power. One of these consequences will be the revival of slavery, including the trafficking in children for immoral purposes.

The leaders of the Congress party have publicly stated that on assuming power in the government of India they will expel the European missionaries out of that country and take possession of all mission property, including money. The effect of this will be that all mission work will cease, and the children of the mission schools and colleges, most of whom are orphans, and have no one to care for them, will be turned out to fend for themselves. These children will undoubtedly be the first victims of the immorality stated above.

It seems that the League of Nations will in the near future have to take measures for the suppression of slavery in a country which was once a British dependency.

Hence is it not possible at this eleventh hour for the British Government to drop the proposed Constitution for India, especially as all parties in that country do not desire it?

Knocke-Zaute, Belgium.

"PATRIOT."

An Appeal for Ex-Service Men

(From the Countess of Roberts)

SIR,—On Sunday last, the fourth of August, many throughout the Empire recalled the early days of the Great War, the perils with which the country was confronted, the turmoil and anxiety of those days—tragic memories—but relieved by remembrance of the gallant and ready service of the men who fought for us during the long years of conflict that lay ahead.

Now, seventeen years since that conflict ended, we are still striving to repay the debt we owe to those, who, in consequence of their service to the Empire, have been seriously handicapped in life.

The Soldiers and Sailors Help Society (Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops), of which I am Chairman, has extended a helping hand in numerous ways to considerably over a million necessitous cases, has been instrumental in placing in employment 111,953 men, and has trained and employed thousands of the severely disabled. I acknowledge with deep gratitude the generosity of the public which has made this possible.

The Society is, however, continually hampered by lack of funds to respond adequately to the many demands made upon it, and I hope in this Jubilee Year of national rejoicing the claims of the ex-Service men in distress will not be forgotten.

I earnestly appeal to each of your readers to contribute as liberally as may be in his or her power and so to assist in lifting the burden borne by these men.

Will donors address their gifts to me, Countess Roberts, The Incorporated Soldiers and Sailors Help Society (Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops), 122, Brompton Road, Room 62, London, S.W. 8.

ROBERTS, Chairman.

MOTURING

Motorists and Cranks

By Sefton Cummings

A MOTORIST once said that the faster the cranks of cars became capable of turning, the faster would the "cranks" be capable of talking. I apologise for those inverted commas, because I do not believe in them at all. I always feel that when one has just started something one is entitled for one's daring to these magical signs, but that after one has done the same thing for a long time one is entitled to no distinction at all.

In other words the crank has grown out of his brackets, as the lunatic did a long while ago. Yet the Press is still polite and, when referring to his utterances and the lamentations of his class, still puts him in the royal enclosure.

Fortunately, I write for a paper which is not polite but which is not duly concerned if it is called old-fashioned; for it believes that it is better to be old-fashioned than to be browbeaten by those who might fancy themselves modern.

Therefore, I am in a position to say what I think is right about certain obstructive old gentlemen who have recently made themselves heard in Parliament and who, in their zeal in the cause of pedestrians, would like to drive the motorist into a mad house.

I have often wondered what would have been the attitude of Mr. Isaac Foot to this question if his name had been wheel instead of Foot. I once tried to depict him as such in my imagination; then I had the pleasure of hearing him ask a question in the House and the picture became an El Greco without the colouring.

Squirming Liberals

This, of course, is most unfortunate; for Mr. Foot is just as sincere as Isaac ever was and, if he had half as much ability, would be entitled to unlimited respect.

It was too much to expect that Mr. Foot could have restrained himself from asking questions about the statements concerning the effect of alcohol on motorists which were made at a recent meeting of the British Medical Association. For Mr. Foot thinks that no one should ever take any alcohol whether he be a motorist or not. He argues that if alcohol is bad for motorists then it must be bad for everybody else. But first the motorist must be penalised in order that everyone else may be penalised next.

The motorist would be pinned up on the wall of every elementary school, like those grisly charts we used to see purporting to show the effect of alcohol on a guinea pig's tummy. Instead of "See what alcohol does to a guinea pig's inside" we should have "See what alcohol does to motorists. Therefore, of course, it must be very bad for you."

A nice kettle of fish indeed! Fortunately, however, Mr. Belisha gave Mr. Foot no encouragement. "Do you mean to say," wailed Mr. Foot, "that in view of the opinion of these eminent doctors you are not going to insist on every motorist being a teetotaler?"

"That is exactly what I do mean," replied Mr. Belisha, and the remnants of Liberalism squirmed in their seats.

I am by no means convinced, however, that august bodies should make statements which give an opening to irresponsible reformers. The opinion of the spokesmen seemed to be that a single glass of beer with one's lunch rendered one not only incapable of driving well, but induced in one the belief that one was driving much better than was actually the case. This seems, to say the least of it, very difficult to believe.

In fact, I know too many doctors high up in their professions who take alcohol in strict moderation before driving a car to be able to accept so sweeping a statement. I cannot help thinking that they are just as able as their colleagues who condemned liquor in any quantity, and that such men would never have taken the risk of driving a car in such circumstances had there been any chance of their efficiency being impaired.

A Terrible Prospect!

The additional statement that a single glass of weak alcohol makes a driver think he is managing extraordinarily well when, in fact, he is doing very badly, seems to give the whole show away. For surely this is a sign not of having had a drink but of having drunk too much!

I get great comfort from this overstatement of the case; for it would have been a terrible prospect for motorists if they had henceforth to lead the lives of ascetics. Nor do I feel that it would have been long before the B.M.A. had discovered something else that was detrimental to proper control, such as smoking; and I have no doubt that someone would prove that the tannin in tea and the caffeine in coffee were responsible for many accidents.

There is no one harder than myself on the drunken driver. But there must be a limit to the self restraint he is expected to exercise, otherwise the practice will not be worth the candle, with the certain result that sales of cars will fall away and a flourishing industry will decline with a consequent increase in unemployment.

Unfortunately, cranks are not worried by this sort of thing, so long as they can achieve something towards what has become an *idée fixe*. If they were, they would no longer be cranks.

New Books I can Recommend

BY THE LITERARY CRITIC

I CANNOT recall having read any book that gives such a vivid first-hand account of the nightmare that was the Russian Revolution as the story now given to the world by the Russian, André Mikhelson.

It is a story that is remarkable for its fearless candour. Its author describing his experiences as a schoolboy of 14 to 16 in the sudden upheaval of all Russia's ordered social life, when religion was trampled under foot and all the vilest human passions were let loose, does not hesitate to depict his own depravity—his lying and thieving, his treachery to and suspicions of his own relatives, his unrestrained lusts and even his participation in a brutal murder.

It is this astonishing frankness in laying bare the reactions of the adolescent mind to day-to-day impressions of its grim environment that invests the lurid picture he presents to his readers with the character of starkly terrible reality.

Fighting for Life in a Primitive World

Nor is this frankness one of bravado. It is the frankness of a soul that has undergone the cruellest of torture. The delicate son of a millionaire father finds himself left—his mother having soon died and his father having escaped from Russia—in a primitive world where all discipline has fled and where cunning, selfishness, cruelty and lust are the qualities that predominate. He had to live as others did, wrestling for himself the food and clothing he needed, and not allowing himself to be deterred by any scruples.

He became a communist, scoffed at religion, robbed and stole and tried to persuade himself all the time that this extraordinary New Order was for the best. But his conscience pricked, and doubts assailed him.

He could not reconcile himself to the endless executions and monstrous cruelties of the Cheka and the executioners it employed; the depravity around him came to be more and more nauseating; and his mind became obsessed with terrors that could not be suppressed. Then, happily for him, Fate intervened to procure his escape across the Russian border.

"Feasting among the Groans"

For the horror that this book reveals let this one passage suffice:—

There were among the executioners many women. Their cruelty knew no bounds. Lifting their skirts, they made the condemned men crawl out between their straddled legs, and then shot off the tops of their heads. Blood and spatters of brain trickled down their bare legs. The act of killing gave them gratification.

Arrayed with drinks and edibles, a table was then brought into the cellar. The executioners feasted amidst the groans, the blood and the tears.

A Famous Actor-Manager

In her postscript to Mr. A. E. Mason's well-balanced biography of her late husband, Lady Alexander recalls the old story of a Duchess in the stalls taking off her tiara and throwing it, in ad-

miration for his acting, at Sir George Alexander's feet.

George Alexander may not have ranked among the greatest actors of his age and time, but he had unquestionably a very wide circle of fervent admirers, and if he had his mannerisms, that was also true of other famous actors—not least of Sir Henry Irving, who once caustically reproved him with the remark, "Not quite so much Piccadilly."

Both as actor and as actor-manager—and indeed as member of the London County Council—George Alexander took himself and his duties very earnestly, manifesting in all his work that quality which is so often held to be associated with genius—the infinite capacity of taking pains.

In his twenty-seven years as actor-manager he produced no less than 62 full-length plays and 19 one-act ones. Twenty-six of these were financial successes, netting over a quarter of a million pounds and resulting in George Alexander accumulating a fortune at the time of his death of £90,000.

A Sixpenny Edition

The reading public will be grateful, at this holiday season, to the Bodley Head for its enterprise in issuing a series of well-known books at the astonishingly low price of sixpence each volume.

They are called the Penguin Books and are published in very neat stiff paper covers, on excellent paper and in clear and easily read print. The first batch of ten includes an English translation of André Maurois' delightful portrait of Shelley, Compton Mackenzie's "Carnival," "Gone to Earth," by Mary Webb, and two fine detective stories by Agatha Christie and Dorothy L. Sayers.

The volumes are of extremely handy size, more than one at a time being capable of being carried in a man's pocket or a lady's handbag.

LATEST NOVELS

"The Wedding" is a remarkable *tour de force*. Confining himself to a period of time of from 7 a.m. to the afternoon of a single day, Mr. Denis Mackail manages to give us a series of close-up views of all the principal characters at a London wedding at different intervals of those few hours, and in such a way that by the end of the book we seem to know all there is to know about them. It is a book that it is a sheer delight to read.

"Jake" must be accounted among Miss Naomi Royde Smith's best work. It is the story of a musical genius told with great charm of style and a keen understanding of human character.

In "Willows of the Brook," Mr. Keeley imagines a situation that might well have happened in the evacuation of families from Belgium in the Great War. A little boy and a little girl get separated from their parents and from each other, and each of them goes to a different part of England, with the parents left vainly searching for traces of their lost children. The story develops very naturally, and in the telling of it Mr. Keeley reveals considerable skill in characterisation.

There is a flavour of quaintness and oddity about M. H. De Montherlant's "Lament for the Death of an Upper Class," but this is part of its attraction.

"Forest Twilight" has the special fascination of presenting us with an obviously authentic study of the life and passions of a primitive pygmy people.

Miss Norah Lofts takes us through the centuries tracing the influence of a romantic gypsy strain of courage and self-sacrifice in succeeding generations. She marshals her cavalcade with an artistry that ensures the reader's interest being maintained throughout the changing centuries.

DETECTIVE STORIES

That lovable "little elderly man with large moustaches and an egg-shaped head"—Hercule Poirot, to wit—makes his appearance again in Agatha Christie's latest thriller, "Death in the Clouds," and, needless to say, succeeds in unravelling the whole baffling mystery of the death in the air-liner in his own inimitable manner. But, as always with Poirot and Agatha Christie, the reader is kept guessing right up to the very end. An exciting tale and possibly, as the dust cover claims it to be, "the greatest Poirot story"—at any rate till Agatha Christie's next book appears!

Mr. Jefferson Farjeon has struck out on an original line in detective fiction. In "Holiday Express" he lets a small boy write the story of his "horrible" and exciting adventures in rescuing a young girl from the clutches of a criminal gang. The result is a most entertaining book.

"The Mystery of the Tailor's Dummy" has merits as a thriller, even if it stretches the probabilities a little beyond credibility.

"The Unexpected Adventure" of a small boy and girl in Ireland should appeal to young people and perhaps help to enforce the moral that there is, after all, some virtue in the many "Don'ts" by which their little lives seem to be afflicted.

SELECTED LIST OF BOOKS

Russia:

"A Schoolboy Caught in the Russian Revolution," by André Lvoff Mikhelson (Putnam, 10/6).

Biography:

"Sir George Alexander and the St. James' Theatre," by A. E. W. Mason (with 15 illustrations, Macmillan, 10/6).

FICTION

"The Wedding," by Denis Mackail (Hodder & Stoughton); "Jake," by Naomi Royde Smith (Macmillan); "I met a Gypsy," by Norah Lofts (Methuen); "Lament for the Death of an Upper Class," by H. de Montherlant, translated by Thomas McGreevy (John Myles); "Willows of the Brook," by Philip Keeley (Dent); "Forest Twilight," by Frank Dorn (Harrap); "The Little Dark Man," by Upton Terrell (Cassell); "Cloaked in Scarlet," by Marion C. Lockhead (Moray Press); "Tell the Bees," by Matilda Brinkley (Moray Press).

Cheap Sixpenny Edition:

Published by John Lane, The Bodley Head (Penguin Books):—"Madame Claire," by Susan Ertz; "Gone to Earth," by Mary Webb; "A Farewell to Arms," by Ernest Hemingway; "Poet's Pub," by Eric Linklater; "William," by E. H. Young; "Carnival," by Compton Mackenzie; "Ariel," by André Maurois; "Twenty Five," by Beverley Nichols; "The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club," by Dorothy L. Sayers; "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," by Agatha Christie.

Children's Book:

"The Unexpected Adventure," by T. F. W. Hickey (Heinemann, 6/-).




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The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

ABERFELDY, Perthshire.—Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA, Dumfriesshire.—Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2s. 6d. Din., 3s. 6d. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE, Inverness-shire.—Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding tennis.

AYLESBURY.—Bull's Head Hotel, Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden. Golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST—Kensington Hotel.—Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BLACKPOOL—Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate.

BOURNE END, Bucks.—The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 14 miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL, Berkshire.—Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., 34 to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON, Sussex.—Sixty-six Hotel.—Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 44 gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS, Kent.—Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing dancing.

BURFORD, OXON.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Suffolk.—Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, dancing.

BUTTERMERE, via Cockermouth.—Victoria Golf Hotel. Bed., 37; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 and 15/- per day. Golf, own private links. Fishing, boating.

CALLANDER, Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE—Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 34 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CARDIFF.—Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Bkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY.—New Inn, High Street.—Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYDEBURN.—Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/- Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE, Perthshire.—Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/- W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES.—The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/- Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWDERRY, CORNWALL.—Sea View, Bed., 9. Annexes, 5. Pens., from 34 gns. W.E., from 35/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon).—Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE.—The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, Managed by Prop. Phone: 6095.

ELY, Cambs.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/- Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/- Boating.

FALMOUTH, Cornwall.—The Manor House, Hotel, Budock Veau. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW, W.2.—Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 28, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/- Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/- Tennis, golf.

GLASGOW, C.2.—Grand Hotel, 560, 110, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 15/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GREAT MALVERN, Worcestershire.—Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE, East Lothian.—Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/- Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HAYWARDS HEATH, SUSSEX.—Birch Hotel. Bed., 23; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. Golf, fishing, bathing.

HERNE BAY.—Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

IFRACOMBE, Devon.—Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY.—Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E. fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

KIBWORTH.—The Rose and Crown. Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C. and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LANGOLLEN.—Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort, fishing, golf. H. & C.

LANWRTYD WELLS, Central Wales.—Doly-Coed Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 4. Pens., winter 24 7/6; sum. £4 15/- W.E., 30/- Golf, own course. Fishing, tennis.

LOCH AWE, Argyll.—Loch Awe Hotel. 'Phone: Dalnally 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

LONDON.—Barkston House Hotel. 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 24 to 3 gns.

GOKE Hotel, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 34 gns. Tennis.

GUILDFORD HOUSE Hotel, 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.-T.: Ter. 5639. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/- Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA, 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 34 gns. to 44 gns. Table tennis.

SHAPTESBURY Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 Bedrooms, h. and c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

THE PLAZA Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 44 gns. W.E., £1 16/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

LOSSIEMOUTH, Morayshire.—Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16/6. W.E., 38/- to 45/- Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH, N. Devon.—Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 43. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/- Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon.—Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/- W.E., £1 7/- Golf, bathing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Central-Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., £4. W.E., 86/- Golf, fishing, bathing.

OTTERBURN HALL Hotel.—Bed., 44; Rec., 3; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from 45/- 5 hard courts. Golf on estate. Fishing.

NEWTON STEWART, Wigtownshire.—Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

NITON, Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W.—Niton-Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £2 5/- Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

OCKHAM, Surrey.—The Haultboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/- Golf.

PADSTOW, Cornwall.—Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

PAIGNTON, DEVON.—Redcliffe Hotel. Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH, Scotland.—Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lunch, 30s; Tea, 1/6; Dinner, 6/- Garden. Golf, 3 courses within 6 mins.

PETERBOROUGH.—Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 34 gns. W.E., 30/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PLYMOUTH, Devon.—Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE.—Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £6. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RICHMOND, Surrey.—Star & Garter Hotel.—England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

RIPON, Yorks.—Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/- Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

ROSS-ON-WYE.—Chase Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 5. Pens., 34 gns; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/- Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY, Wilts.—Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SALOP.—Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 64/- Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

SCARBOROUGH, YORKS.—Castle Hotel. Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 12s. 6d. W.E., 21s. Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL Hotel, Ravenscar. Bed., 66. Rec., 5. Din., 6/- Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH.—Belmont Hotel. Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 3. Pens., 64 to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

SOUTH Uist, Outer Hebrides.—Lochbois-dale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Victoria Hotel. Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16. Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/- Lun., 2/- Din., 3/6. Sup., acc. to requirements. Dn. Golf, tennis.

STOCKBRIDGE, HANTS.—Grosvenor Hotel. 'Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast 8s. 6d., double 14s. Golf, Trout fishing.

STRANRAER, Wigtownshire.—Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18. Pens., £3 10s. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

TEIGNMOUTH, Devon.—Beach Hotel H.B.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

TEWKESBURY, Glos.—Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 64 gns. Winter 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

TORQUAY.—The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

PALM COURT Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., fr. 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

TYNDRUM, Perthshire.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 30; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/8; Tea, 1/6; Din., 5/-; Sup., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, shooting.

VIRGINIA Water, Surrey.—Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-

WALTON-ON-NAZE.—Hotel Porto Bello. Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

WARWICK.—Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 55; Rec., 5. Pens., from 44 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/- Golf, Leamington, 14 miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

YARMOUTH.—Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 85. Pens., from £3 12/6. W.E., 25/- Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage 45 cars.

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BRIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112, Marine Parade. Facing sea. Telephone 434711.

BRIGG, Lincolnshire. — Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles away, 3/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

BRISTOL. — Cambridge House Hotel, Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop., L. V. Palmer.

BUDE, N. Cornwall. — The Balconies Private Hotel, Downs View. — Pens., from 2 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

BURNISLAND, Fifeshire. — Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/-. Golf, bathing, bowls.

CHELMSFORD, Essex. — Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 27/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

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EDINBURGH. — St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place. — Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

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FELIXSTOWE, SUFFOLK. — Bracondale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/-. Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

FERNDOWN, Dorset. — The Links, Wimborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 2 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day; (5/- Aug., Sept.).

FOLKESTONE. — Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. E. light. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

THE ORANGE HOUSE PRIVATE Hotel, 6, Castle Hill Avenue. Bed., 13; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 25/-. Golf, bowls, tennis, skating, croquet.

GOATHLAND, Yorkshire. — Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, 4 miles. Hunting, fishing.

GODALMING. — Farncombe Manor Hotel, Farncombe. Pens., 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, tennis.

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SPA Hotel, Bed., 33; Rec., 6. Pens., 3½ to 4½ gns.; W.E., 12/6 to 13/6 per day. Golf, tennis, billiards.

LEICESTER. — Grantham, 57 & 60, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 25/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf, tennis.

LINCOLN. — Grand Hotel, St. Mary Street. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/-. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf.

LOCH-SHIEL, Argyll. — Ardshealach Hotel, Acharacle. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., £1 10/-; Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/-. G. Golf, fishing, bathing.

LONDON. — Alexandra Hotel (a quiet hotel), 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

ARLINGTON HOUSE Hotel, 1-3, Lexham Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 5 gns.

ARTILLERY MANSIONS Hotel, Westminster, S.W.1. Phone: Vic. 0857 and 2003. Bed., 300; Rec., 2. S., 15s. D., 7s. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

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BONNINGTON Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1, near British Museum. 250 Rooms. Room, bath & Table d'Hôte. Bkfst., 8s. 6d.

CORA Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom.: 230 Guests. Room, bath and Table d'Hôte Bkfst., 8/6.

KENSINGTON PALACE MANSIONS Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8. Bed., 270; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- per day. Social Club. Squash rackets.

LADBROKE Hotel, Ladbrooke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 5. Pens., 2½ gns. to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis.

LIDLINGTON Hotel, 7, Liddington Place, N.W.1. T.: Mus. 8126. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/-; Tea, 1/-; Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

MANOR Hotel, 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., 75; Rec., 7. Pens., from 3½ gns. single; from 5 gns. double. Garden. Billiards.

NORFOLK RESIDENTIAL Hotel, 80/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Bays. 3801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

OLD CEDARS Hotel, Sydenham, S.E.26. Bed., 30; Rec., 2; Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 30/-. G. Golf, within 10 mins. Billiards, Ballroom, Tennis Courts.

PALACE GATE Hotel, Palace Gate, Kensington, W.8. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns.; W.E., 30/-.

RAYMOND'S PRIVATE Hotel, 4, Pembroke Villas, Baywater, W.11. Bed., 20; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to £2 12/6.

REDLANDS Hotel, 9, Leinster Gardens, W.2. Tel.: Padd. 7543. Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/-. Lun., 1/6; Din., 3/-. Garden.

STANLEY HOUSE Hotel, Stanley Crescent, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Phone: Park 1163. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., fr. 2½ gns., 4 gns. double. Tennis.

SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE, 55, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 3 gns. Tennis.

STRATHALLAN Hotel, 38, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 2½ gns. single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

WEST CENTRAL Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1. T.: Mus. 1400. Bed., 155; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

WOODHALL Hotel, College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

LYNTON, N. Devon. — Waterloo House Private Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 2 gns. to £2 10/-. Golf, 2 miles. Putting green, bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon. — Hillside Private Cottage Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 2. Pens., 2 to 3 gns.; W.E., 25/-. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, riding, tennis, drag hounds.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — Regent Hotel, 55-59, Osborne Road. T.: Jeamond 906. Bed., 36; Rec., 3. Single frm. 7/6. Garden.

THE OSBORNE Hotel, Jeamond Road, Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., £2 12/6; W.E., £1 7/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, billiards.

OXFORD. — Castle Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 2½ gns.; W.E., £1 17/6. Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/-.

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SCARBOROUGH, Yorks. — Riviera Private Hotel, St. Nicholas Cliff. Bed., 37; Rec., 5. Pens., from £3 17/6; W.E., Sat. to Mon., from £1. Golf, tennis.

SHAFESBURY, Dorset. — Coombe House Hotel. — Pens., 4 to 7 gns.; W.E., 42/- to 57/-; Golf, Private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W. — Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green. — Bed., 14; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns. to 6 gns.; W.E., 12/- to 15/- per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS. — Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 80; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

STROUD, Glos. — Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf. Riding.

TENBY, Pem. — Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ to 5½ gns.; W.E., 30/- to 55/-. Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

TORQUAY. — Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road. — Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 30/-. Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

GLEN DEVON Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis, golf.

NETHWAY PRIVATE Hotel, Falkland Road. Bed., 23; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 9/- day. Golf, tennis, fishing.

UIG, Isle of Skye. — Uig Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3. Lun., hot, 3/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, Hotel grounds, fishing, good boating.

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THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

Australia's "Empire"

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

WITH the higher price of gold and the development of aerial transport, Australians are becoming more conscious of their island possessions of Papua and the Territory of New Guinea, the latter held under League mandate.

Relatively few Australians have been to the island. Communication by steamer is slow, and the intervals between passages long; no regular air service from the mainland has yet been organised.

Travellers from the Commonwealth to New Guinea and Papua still are mostly gold-mining people and operators of the air services, upon which they depend to have the gold carried from the rugged interior to the coast.

But a tourist traffic is beginning, and the lure of gold is attracting adventurous young men to the north.

Those newcomers whose trade is the air, sigh for the earlier days of the hand-in-hand development of the mines and the most lucrative form of aerial transport.

They are fired by the stories of a few years ago when anyone who could freight machinery up to the fields of Morobe and Bulolo and gold down to the seaports, was a heaven-sent acquisition.

Pilots then somehow held obsolete machines together, packed their glittering cargo into jam tins or anything that would hold it, and flew as hard as they could in the knowledge that, sooner or later, the climate would "get" them, and they must stand aside.

Nowadays, the gold-flying business is less hazardous and less romantic, but still a great field for development.

The Commonwealth's latest step in the administration of New Guinea is the decision to issue a special coinage, which the Royal Mint in Melbourne expects to have in circulation by the end of 1935. After a date to be fixed, the tendering of British or Australian currency other than gold will be forbidden.

Australian coinage has been in circulation since Australia assumed control of the Territory of New Guinea. The natives never took kindly to it. Sir George Pearce, Minister in Charge of Territories, has decided upon the new coinage in the hope of educating the natives in the use of money.

It will have, from the point of view of the islander, the attribute of portability, for the coins will be perforated so that the natives can string them together for wear as a necklace.

The natives have no enthusiasm for wealth which cannot be displayed. "House money true" they call the coinage of the Commonwealth

Empire Diary

Aug. 10—The Duke and Duchess of York visit Perth on the occasion of the opening of the city's new art gallery and museum.

Film at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington: "New Zealand—The Maori as he was, Land of Splendour, The Milky Way, Nature's Bounty."

Aug. 11-17—Film at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington: "India — Delhi Days," "Ceylon — Negombo Coast, from Colombo," "Monsoon Island."

Aug. 12 — Princess Marie Louise's birthday.

Mr. Rice gives an evening reception to men members of the Overseas League.

Aug. 17—Cricket: England v. South Africa, at the Oval.

The British Empire in Books, Pictures and Maps: Exhibition at the Old Court House (Messrs. J. & E. Bumpus, Ltd.), 350, Oxford Street, W.1. — Open August and September.

Treasury from which they are paid; the Sub-Treasury pays by cheque, and the native suspicion of the unreality of a cheque-form is reflected in their pidgin name for it—"house money gammon."

The perforated coins for use exclusively in New Guinea will meet the objection to the defacement of regular currency.

It will be interesting to hear the effect upon the natives' monetary education under the new scheme when next Australia reports to the Mandates' Commission in June. So far, the work of Australia as a mandatory power has consistently won the approval of the League.

The Territory's financial position is sound; the latest report to the Mandates Commission showed the internal indebtedness to have been wiped out. Increasing prosperity may be anticipated while the gold boom lasts.

South African Nazis

By G. Delap Stevenson

HISTORY is repeating itself in South West Africa. In 1876 a Commissioner from Cape Colony investigated the possibility of absorbing the territory north of the Orange River. There had been long warfare and unrest among the native chiefs and some of them had asked the Cape Government to intervene and set up an overlordship. The Cape, however, was not interested, nothing was done, and within ten years the Germans were establishing themselves.

To-day there is another South African Commission considering the future of South West Africa. Not native chiefs this time, but a community of European settlers is asking to come within the Union and make its fifth province. This, however, is not a repetition of the opportunity of 1876. The present situation is far more complicated. It is the direct result of racial animosity between German and South African settlers in the territory.

This animosity is closely connected with the rise of the Nazis in Germany, and, therefore, with the European situation. The Union Government has also to consider the League of Nations, for it administers South West Africa as a League mandate. The present Commission was set up as a result of a vote for closer union with South Africa which took place last November in the Legislative Assembly of South West Africa. The Commission is chiefly judicial in character, including experts on international law, but it also has members whose concern is economics, for South West Africa has been having a difficult time and is heavily in debt to the Union Government. Meanwhile, at Geneva, South Africa has assured the Mandates' Commission that she will not carry out any unauthorised annexation.

South West Africa is a country of cattle and sheep ranching. It consists of an arid coastal belt and a high inland plateau with mountains rising from it to over 8,000 ft. In the south it is bordered by deserts and except in the north it is too dry for crops. It has rivers which disappear into the ground and never reach the sea, and shallow "pans," some salt and some fresh, which dry up at certain seasons. Its capital, Windhoek, stands high on the plateau and has a population of about 4,000 Europeans. Certain mineral deposits have been found, but until the depression of the market, diamonds were the country's great source of wealth.

Before the war, with the exception of Walvis Bay, which was British, South West Africa had been completely annexed as a German colony. When the war broke out, fighting immediately began with the Union and the Germans were joined by disaffected Boers. By 1915, however, the Union forces had conquered the country, which was ruled by martial law until 1919, when it became a mandated territory. At first all seemed to be going well between the South Africans and the German population. An arrangement was made with Germany by which they received British and Union nationality. In 1925 a measure of self-government was set up and British and Dutch settlers from South Africa

united with the Germans in asking for this to be extended.

When the Nazis came to power in Germany, however, the whole atmosphere changed. The more recent settlers had Nazi sympathies, and a militant local Nazi Party was organised. Before, the Germans had worked for the status of their race in the mandate; now there was the open demand for the country to be returned to Germany. The South African element, which outnumbers the Germans, immediately reacted, and their counter move was the proposal that South West Africa should become a fifth province of the Union.

The South African majority in the Legislative Assembly passed a law by which the Nazis and Hitler Youth movement could be banned, and during 1934 both of these organisations were suppressed. Meanwhile the Legislative Assembly was boycotted by its German members until the election of October 1934. By this time, however, there was such a consolidation of South African feeling against them that they came back a hopeless minority. The German opposition in the Assembly now takes the form of an Economic League whose policy is to ask the Union for financial concessions. For the moment there is a certain local quiescence, for it is felt that the next moves are with the Union Government and the Mandates' Commission of the League of Nations.

An East African Dominion

By Cleland Scott

P.O. Nanyuki, Kenya.

EAST Africans were greatly heartened to read recently that there is, at present, no intention of handing Tanganyika back to Germany.

It is amazing the way people, even those who live in East Africa, believe that by returning her erstwhile colonies Germany would be satisfied. Of course she would not be. She would merely want more territory because she could not settle any great number of her surplus population in Tanganyika.

Consider, too, the danger of having a possibly hostile power bang in the middle of the East Coast littoral, with excellent bases for air and sea attacks on our Airway route to South Africa and on our Eastern sea routes. It must not be forgotten that Dar-Es-Salaam has a well-nigh perfect harbour and that Tanganyika could provide a vast number of aerodromes.

Of course it is not necessary to go to war with Germany again, but why dream of giving up what we won fairly and at a pretty high cost?

As a start towards an East African Dominion, the Federation of Kenya and Tanganyika would be a sound step, leading to economy in administration.

To-day, Uganda, being more of a native dependency than a white man's country, is somewhat chary of

union as during the depression she has managed to get fat surpluses while Kenya has been dealing in deficits. But such an amalgamation is bound to come in time: Zanzibar, Nyasaland, and Northern if not Southern Rhodesia may easily decide to look northwards, not southwards.

Having got the Imperial Government and the people of the different territories seriously to consider these proposals, one next needs a really able administrator gifted with statesmanship, ability, and faith—someone, in fact, like Lord Lloyd.

Kenya alone is very small beer; but Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika joined together would, being a unit, become of far greater importance and thus develop infinitely quicker.

Further, such a union would crush for all time any talk of giving up Tanganyika. If we had always thought and behaved as we do to-day, would we ever have had the finest Empire in history? And having got it, why on earth not keep it?

S. Rhodesian News

A Pioneer Returns

A LITTLE old lady who spent her early childhood and the greater part of her life among the warring savages of the "Dark Continent," slipped out of England last week-end to return to Southern Rhodesia.

Daughter of the Rev. W. Sykes who, with Dr. Robert Moffat, brother-in-law of Livingstone, founded in 1859 the London Missionary Society Mission in what was then a wild and utterly savage country, Mrs. Mary M. Carnegie was born in Matabeleland in 1862. On the day of her birth she was presented with a cow and a calf by King Mzilikazi "The Pathway of Blood."

Mrs. Carnegie remembers the battle of Zwangendaba, when Lobengula, son of Mzilikazi, defeated the impis of Umbigo, and so established his place on the throne. Among her friends were the early hunters and explorers such as Robert Baines, F. C. Selous and Carl Mauch, whose names go to make the history of Rhodesia.

In 1885 she married the Rev. David Carnegie, who had joined the London Missionary Society in 1882, and who died in 1910. In collaboration with her husband, Mrs. Carnegie translated "Line Upon Line" and "Pilgrim's Progress" into Sindebele, the language of the Matabele. These books are still in demand amongst the natives of Rhodesia.

Interviewed on her departure, Mrs. Carnegie said: "I am torn between England and Rhodesia—sorry to leave the one, but happy to be returning to the other. I have children and grandchildren in each country."

Southern Rhodesia is proud and very fond of this brave lady, who lived through stirring days under the last two great savage monarchs of what was then "Darkest Africa,"

and who has seen a self-governing Colony develop from the shed of a lonely missionary station.

Teachers Tour Rhodesia

Included in a party that is now touring Rhodesia are eight women teachers who are doing a year of temporary duty in South Africa under exchange arrangements made by the League of Empire. They are determined to see as much of the country as their holiday periods permit.

Six come from England, one from Canada, and one from New Zealand. They are doing a round trip, lasting four weeks, in cars, and are camping out. Their great desire is to hear a lion roar as they sit round the log fire at night. The one thing that might worry them is a mouse.

Canada's Natural Wealth

GOLD and platinum!

Countries producing precious metals are turning wistful eyes towards Canada, which, with its vast resources as yet only scratched, is outstripping them all.

Official figures for last year's gold production are now to hand, and show that it was the second highest in the history of the Canadian industry, estimated at 2,964,000 fine ounces.

Ontario produced over 71 per cent. of the gold output of the Dominion, according to a preliminary report issued by the Dominion Statistician. The quantity of gold produced was less than in the preceding year owing to the use of lower grade ores in the mills of some of the larger companies.

The most important feature to be noted, however, is the development and bringing to the production stage of new mines in widely separated parts of North-western Ontario. The Central Patricia, Casey Summit, and J. M. Consolidated, all in the Patricia district, came into production for the first time. McKenzie-Red Lake commenced the construction of a mill in the Red Lake district.

Other mills reaching production in 1934 included those of the North Shore Gold Mines near Schreiber and the Munro-Croesus in the Beatty-Munro area.

As far as platinum is concerned, Canada's contribution to the world's supply was more than quadrupled during last year.

It totalled 116,230 fine ounces with a value of nearly four and a half million dollars, as against output in 1933 worth only 857,590 dollars.

It is almost a certainty, according to a recent Dominion Government report, that additional discoveries of platiniferous nickel-copper sulphides of the Sudbury type will be made in Canada. The resources of the Sudbury district are by no means fully explored, and in recent years little attempt has been made to develop new properties.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The Struggle for the
Great Fisheries

By Professor A. P. Newton

IN the history of the establishment of the British Empire in North America there are no more familiar pages than those describing the campaigns of Wolfe and Amherst for the conquest of Canada, i.e., the settlements along the St. Lawrence.

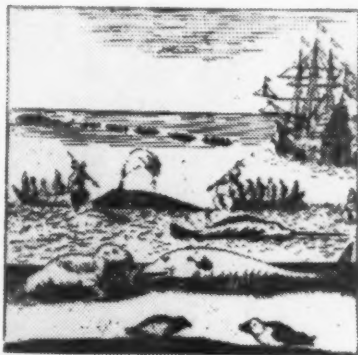
This leads to the mistaken impression that the British flag floats in the modern Dominion only as the result of success in war, and it is not realised that in fact the rivalry of the nations in those regions began long before the eighteenth century and was in the main concerned, not with competition for territorial possessions, but for a share in the great fisheries of the North Atlantic.

First Portuguese and, later, French and English fishermen began to sail every summer across to the Grand Banks to catch codfish at the very beginning of the sixteenth century, soon after the fisheries were discovered there by John Cabot.

The early predominance of the Portuguese among the fishermen is indicated by the fact that for more than a century the whole region round Newfoundland was known as the Bacalaos, the place where *bacalau* (the Portuguese word for codfish) could be caught.

Many of the principal headlands and islands round the Newfoundland coast are still called by Portuguese names, more or less corrupted.

During the sixteenth century, however, the Basques from Northern Spain and Gascony, and the Bretons from Morlaix and St. Malo largely displaced the Portuguese and flocked in such large numbers every year to particular parts of the coast that



Arctic whaling, 17th century. The Dutch discovered and exploited the Spitzbergen grounds, late 16th century, and captured the European whale-oil market.



North American traders and Indians, 1777. The French control of the great river system, reinforced by block-houses, gave them a natural advantage in trade in a rugged country, unroaded and largely unmapped.

many places received Basque names, and a whole region came to be called the Island of the Bretons (now Cape Breton Island).

The English only came in large numbers at a later date, so that there are few geographical features known by English names.

There was no settlement or organised government established by the State, and order was kept among the fishermen of the various nations only in the most primitive way, by a sort of mutual and unwritten convention to abide by certain traditional rules that had gradually grown up in the European fisheries in the Middle Ages.

To catch bait and dry their fish the men of each different nation were accustomed to gather every spring in particular coves and harbours along the Newfoundland coast.

Mostly they kept apart from one another, and Frenchmen and English did not as a rule frequent the same harbours for fear of disputes.

But this was not always the case, for when Sir Humphrey Gilbert proposed to Queen Elizabeth to capture and destroy all the Spaniards among the fishing fleets, it was pointed out that it would be impossible for him to distinguish between the fishermen, who were all mingled together.

By custom, the master of the first vessel arriving in a particular harbour in the spring was the governor of all the fishermen there of whatever nation for that season. He was called the "Admiral," and the second came the "Vice-Admiral," and they had to arrange all disputes according to the ancient customs of the fishing and to keep peace and order among the men engaged in drying their catches on shore.

Needless to say, the justice administered was of the roughest, and as national passions grew in the time

of the great wars, there was a tendency to take sides with men of one's own nation, right or wrong.

By the end of the seventeenth century the old fashion of men of many nations exercising traditional rights in common had completely broken down, and in place of it there had begun a national struggle between French and English based on territorial lines and backed by forces of the State.

The French headquarters were at Placentia on the southern shore of Newfoundland, and the English at St. John's on the south-east coast. Spaniards now had no share in the fishing, and the French and English were left to fight it out.

To give effective leadership in the struggle the old "fishing Admirals" would not suffice, and so it became the custom to send out a ship of the Royal Navy every year, and her captain directed defence against the French and administered justice according to the old fishing customs.

There was no Governor of Newfoundland in the proper sense, and it was said that the island was administered like a great ship lying in the midst of fisheries for several months every year.

The Dutch were never competitors for the cod fisheries, but they were active rivals of the English for the whaling and walrus hunting of the waters adjacent to the north of Newfoundland.

The Englishmen who first opened up whaling in those Arctic waters were driven out by Dutch competition before the close of the seventeenth century, just when they were outstripping the French in the cod fisheries.

It was not until the latter part of the eighteenth century that a new British whaling industry arose based mainly upon Scottish ports.

Tin and Tin Shares

By Our City Editor

THERE are not wanting signs that the public is in search of capital appreciation rather than investment. This is, indeed, the logical outcome of a "cheap money" period of long duration with income tax at 4s. 6d. in the £. It can hardly be expected that investors, apart from those forced into Trustee stocks or kindred securities with yields of 3 per cent. and under, will remain content with ridiculously low returns when capital profits, not subject to tax, dangle attractively in front of them. Hence the boom in industrials, which has carried yields to under the 4 per cent. level in many cases, and the boom in new issues, where preference and debenture stocks of a company have opened at a discount while the ordinary shares in the same companies have commanded a substantial premium.

This being so, it is time to seek fresh fields of adventure, where big yields offer income attractions in addition to the possibility of substantial capital appreciation. Gold-mining shares have already had their day and at the moment are, somewhat unjustly, an unpopular market. Oils are by no means unattractive, though prices of petroleum products are not yet satisfactory, and Rubbers, though they may attract some buyers, are likely to show disappointing results for the current year owing to the rise in estate costs, which has been unaccompanied by a similar rise in the price of the commodity. Undoubtedly the market offering the greatest attractions is that for tin shares, where the Restriction Scheme controversy and the uncertainty it has bred has frightened away intending investors.

Restriction Must Continue

The present Restriction Scheme agreement comes to an end at the close of 1936, and negotiations are believed already to be in progress for reaching a basis for its renewal for a period of at least five years. These negotiations must lead to agreement by the end of this year, and so now is the time for the investor to make up his mind as to whether Restriction is likely to continue or not. Directly the question is settled the shares are likely to respond with a big rise. Though the Restriction Scheme has aroused much opposition by the manner of its working, especially in the Metal Exchange where unnecessary stringency in Tin has caused some hardship, there are few opposed to the Scheme in principle. The producers are willing to continue the plan, almost without exception, and, though there may be some slight modifications made for the next period of Restriction, there

seems no possibility of eventual failure to reach agreement on the principle. Argument is likely to revolve around the quotas to be allowed to the Belgian Congo and the control of Siamese production, for, though Malaya may be unwilling to accept present standard tonnages, she is fully aware of the benefits accruing from Restriction itself. Such modifications as are made are likely to include the abolition of the abortive Buffer Stock scheme, and a policy of higher quotas with a slightly lower price for the metal at, say, just around £200 per ton. Producers and consumers alike would be thoroughly satisfied if such a result could be achieved, and the mines would continue to show good results.

Big Yields

The shares of the well-established companies give returns on latest dividends of over 10 per cent. in some cases and, though allowance has to be made for amortisation, the immediate income attractions are considerable and Tin shares look a good holding for such time as elapses before Restriction is an accomplished fact—and for some time after. Bangrin at £1 yield 10 per cent. and with Siamese Tin, which stand at 22s. 6d., are a popular investment in good Tin times. Geevor at 18s. yield nearly 12 per cent., while Malayan at 27s. 6d. and Petaling at 14s. 6d. return about 6 per cent. Renong can be obtained at 25s. to return 8 per cent., while Gopeng, a first-class long-life property, stand at 36s. 3d., returning well over 5 per cent. on the basis of last year's dividend, and there is already every prospect of higher payments this year. Nor should the possibilities of London Tin Corporation, the tin-mining finance company, be overlooked. Improvement in the market as a whole means great improvement in the Corporation's position, and the next accounts are likely to show a considerable recovery. The shares have come up to 8s., while the 7½ per cent. participating preference stand at 10s. As these latter touched 15s. 7½d. and the ordinary 16s. 3d. last year, there is plenty of scope for improvement.

Guinness and Watneys

The Brewery market has been one of the most active sections aided by a good batch of reports and dividends. Arthur Guinness, Son and Co., the famous stout-brewers, increased their profits last year by some £268,000 to £2,013,209 and the total dividend and bonus is 29 per cent. for the year, against 27 per cent. Reserve receives £200,000 against nil and the carry forward is higher at £846,309.

Watney, Combe, Reid and Co. made profits of £1,307,693 against £1,268,002 in the previous year, and though the allocation to property improvement reserve is £50,000 lower at £300,000, this replaces the sum transferred from the fund for expenditure during the year. The dividend and bonus total 16 per cent. for the year, against 13 per cent., and the balance sheet, like that of the Guinness Company, shows remarkable strength with big holdings of cash and gilt-edged investments, the latter having a market value in excess of the book figure.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

Total Assets £50,890,000

Total Income exceeds £10,476,000

LONDON: 61, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2

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THEATRE NOTES

"Yoshe Kalb"

His Majesty's Theatre

(Yoshe the Simpleton)

THE Yiddish Art Theatre Company of America is an organisation which immediately reminds one of the Habima Players or the Moscow Art Theatre under Stanislavsky. Here is a collection of Jewish players, mainly first-class, nearly all possessing extremely sonorous voices—albeit sonorous may be a queer term to apply to a tongue so guttural as Yiddish—and all and every one aided by that wealth of gesture that is so particularly and peculiarly their own. Every actor with ambitions to play Shylock, should go and see this play if only to learn "what to do with his hands"!

The writer has no knowledge of Yiddish but was relieved to find that about every twentieth word was recognisably German—queer irony—and this certainly was a help in following the play. After the first five or ten minutes we found it was quite possible to follow the story intelligently, with the aid of the previously read synopsis.

A knowledge of the doctrinal and ceremonial mysteries of Chassidism would have made it a great deal easier. The play is comparatively long, divided into two parts and twenty-six scenes. Some of them very moving, all too many of them suffered from rather naive and unskilful lighting. Far too often an actor would be quite out of the acting area "spot" designed to pick him out of the surrounding gloom. A pity; there are fifty-nine speaking parts and some of the cast must be mentioned individually, although the general level is very high almost all through.

A Terrifying Portrait

Maurice Schwartz gives a beautiful performance as the coarse and greedy old Chassidic Rabbi, Reb Melech. A terrifying portrait of a lustful old religious tyrant, battling with old age, impotence and his orthodox conscience. He is always the central figure, completely dominating the scene when he is there.

Close on his heels comes Charlotte Goldstein as Malkale, the old Rabbi's niece; a performance of such passion and fire, alternately leashed and unleashed, as has not been seen in London for some time. We were sorry when she died at the end of the first act and so was seen no more.

In contrast of type, Judith Abarbanell as Serele, the beautiful, docile and innocent daughter of Reb Melech, was both lovely to look at, and, even in an unknown tongue, pleasant to hear. In the second act there is some very ripe comedy and I should think racy and rude dialogue, from two grand comedians whom, unfortunately, I could not identify; also a fruity and convincing performance by Max Grinfogel as a red headed beggar.

And alas, a very naughty piece of violent over-acting by a lady, Anna Teitelbaum, in the part of a half-witted loon. The final scene of the trial of the wanderer, Yoshe Kalb, before a tribunal of

seventy Rabbis is impressive, but owing to the language problem, extremely difficult to follow.

"Midsummer Night's Dream"

Regent's Park

TO say that I enjoyed my evening in the Park would be to understate the case. Mr. Robert Atkins has given us a delightful production and led his rustic players with a superb combination of sincerity and asininity. In memory of his performance I lay my grateful tribute on Ninay's tomb. Mr. Leslie French was simply not of this world. I verily believe that he had real wings concealed beneath his somewhat exiguous costume. Miss Rosalyn Boulter gave an exceptionally promising performance as Hermia, and I hope to see her again.

Miss Fay Compton's Titania was entirely delightful. She took one to a fairyland of her own which she created by her own artistry and her complete understanding of our greatest poet. She also sang enchantingly.

Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, too, sang whenever possible. Why she was cast for the part of Oberon I do not pretend to know. I refuse to believe that this Oberon ever saw a mermaid on a dolphin's back, or indeed anywhere else. Even so I thank Mr. Carroll and Mr. Atkins for a really memorable evening.

C.S.

SLEEPING
OUT
TONIGHT!

—The mere thought makes one shiver and appreciate still more the comforts of home.

TO-NIGHT, huddled in doorways, dark corners and on benches, many poor homeless men and women will be enduring the cold in silent misery.

Hot Food, Warm Shelter and help by work can be offered by the Church Army only with your help.

£5 will shelter and feed 100 homeless men or women for a night.

Please send what you can now to
Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D.,
55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY

CINEMA

THE MENACE OF THE AIR

BY MARK FORREST

AT the Regal, Mr. Lloyd Bacon has directed another of his spectacular pictures. This, as its title, *Devil Dogs of the Air* suggests, is a film whose principal thrills lie in "stunt" flying. In the making of it the company has had the co-operation of the United States Marine Corps and part of the United States Navy has also been dragooned. Thus there is the sight of half a dozen destroyers, the airship *Macon*, the transport ship *Holland* and four-score or so aeroplanes engaged in manoeuvres which have been woven into the story.

Before, however, one arrives at the final exercise, one is taken through the process of building up a recruit into a flying officer and the obvious parallel presents itself. If the Air Ministry would consent to give equal facilities to our own companies the result would arouse even greater interest and would help the people to understand more readily the present power of the arm, and the menace which other nations constitute. In this picture the co-operation between the navy and the air force is plainly shown and though in the exercise — that of landing a couple of hundred marines on a hostile shore—the aeroplanes have rather too free a hand to make their task formidable, their success is such as to cause very serious misgivings about the impregnability of any section of our coast.

Faithful Representation

With these magnificent opportunities the picture could hardly be a failure, but the director has had trouble in keeping the story within bounds and, in making a faithful representation of life in the U.S. Marines, the colour seems to have been taken out of the original script—or perhaps it was never there. At any rate, the humour and the dialogue are dull and very ordinary.

James Cagney has one of his usual "hardbitten" rôles. Arriving at the Marine aerodrome in an aeroplane labelled "The World's Greatest Flyer" he proceeds to fly as crazily as he can, only to find out when he joins the Corps that there is one man, played by Pat O'Brien, who is as good a pilot as he is, and that the ability to "stunt" does not necessarily make a flying officer. The rivalry of these two as pilots and as lovers, the girl being Margaret Lindsay, nearly leads to blows, but when she chooses James Cagney, the hatchet is buried. A mediocre story, but there is nothing mediocre about the U.S. Marine Corps.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St., Ger. 2981.

Delightful Friesian Legend

"DER SCHIMMELREITER" (U)

(The Rider on the White Horse)

BROADCASTING

PLEASEING THE MINORITY

BY ALAN HOWLAND

IT always interests me to know what other people think about Broadcasting. I am indeed so interested that over the recent holiday period I have persisted in asking other people for their opinions and have left my wireless set completely idle. I have questioned during the last few days a barrister, a colonial official, two motor salesmen, several chauffeurs, a publican and two postmen. I was not particularly surprised to learn that none of them makes a habit of listening. There is absolutely nothing in the programmes to attract any of them. Occasionally, it appears, one or other of them has turned to his wireless set for amusement, only to be disappointed and a trifle blasphemous.

In despair I questioned a fifteen-year-old young gentleman on holiday from his public school, only to discover that he would prefer to engage in intelligent conversation rather than to listen to the fare provided by Sir John Reith and his coterie.

For whom, then, I have to ask myself, are these programmes designed? On what grounds does the B.B.C. base its opinion that such and such a programme has been "successful"? Does the B.B.C. really think that publicans, barristers, postmen, chauffeurs and Empire builders are interested in studio orchestras, cinema orchestras, talks on the lepidoptera of Rutland and twopenny-halfpenny vaudeville acts?

Bland Acquiescence

The official answer is, of course, that "we do not hope to please all the people all of the time, we are sufficiently modest to rejoice in the difficult achievement of pleasing some of the people some of the time." It sounds so eminently reasonable, that the majority of licence holders allow themselves to be bullied into a state of bland acquiescence.

The truth is that the B.B.C. devises its programmes in accordance with the expressed opinions of its few thousand correspondents. Nobody but a congenital idiot would deny that the number of people who write to the B.B.C. on the subject of the broadcast programmes does not exceed one per cent. of the total number of listeners. Yet the programmes are designed to meet the wishes of these faithful few, and the salaried officials whose duty it is to serve the public refuse to make any effort in the direction of ascertaining the tastes of that public. Fifth-rate orchestras are given the freedom of the ether in order to please the manufacturers of wireless sets, cheap variety acts are launched over the air in order to please "Mother of Five, Tooting," and the Foundations of Music are perpetuated in order to appease Mr. Filson Young. My chauffeur, my postman, my barrister and my publican simply do not listen. And I don't blame them.

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BY HOOK OR BY CROOK *vide* Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

In the Patriot we read—

No people in history were more inhuman than the great band of Bolsheviks, of varied nationalities, who enslaved the people and took the country and wealth of the Russians; and who similarly treated Hungary for a time; and who had all prepared for the destruction of national Germany when the Germans were marshalled by Hitler and swept out the Soviet agents and their troops, the multitude of Communists. The demoralisation, civil wars and hostility to foreigners worked up in China by the agents Soviet have destroyed Chinese unity and normal existence, and opened the way for Japan to establish order in parts and secure control over great territories as a permanent check to Bolshevik plans. Japan's greatly needed intervention frightened the talkers of the League of Nations, who cried with noble gestures for some months, and then switched on to equally irreconcilable differences between other nations. The doctrine of hatred of Britain has been cultivated for years in Southern Ireland, to the obliteration of all consideration of the well-being of the Irish people in the minds of those who control the Government of the Free State.

The Bolsheviks have joined the body of extreme Zionist Jews in fomenting the ill-will of the Arabs (shared by great numbers of Moslems in other countries) towards the partisanship of the British Government shown in the control of Palestine.

The people of Russia in the summer of 1917 could never have imagined the possibility of their country succumbing to murder, robbery, and enslavement by an organisation of men, of various nations, long devoted to preparation of world-revolution, as well as having a special hatred of the Russia of old days. In the old Russia the majority, millions of individuals had a contented and religious life, with no leaning towards Communism; and to-day the lives of 85 per cent of the population are utterly miserable while their Soviet masters are spending immense sums in the cultivation of Communism in foreign countries.

The British people of Conservative disposition—whether of the Party or not—are allowed by their leaders, their politicians and their Press to wallow in the comfortable conviction that revolutionary conditions will not enter into their lives. It is a most dangerous misconception.

All workers for the salvation of the Conservative Party—as the sole organisation capable of defeating Socialism cum Communism—and all independent British patriots, must devote their efforts to the instruction of the electorate on the necessity for refusing to follow blindly Mr. Baldwin and the Coalition Caucus now directed by him and the official machinery of the Central office. In the constituencies there must be determination to adopt only as M.P. candidates men determined on maintaining Conservative principles and the British Empire.

Mr. BALDWIN'S "SHEET ANCHOR"

BY LUCY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

What is the League of Nations? It is a League designed by the late American President Wilson which the American Nation very wisely refused to have anything to do with—**FOISTED BY HIM ON ENGLAND**—which Mr. Baldwin now actually describes to a Yorkshire audience as the **"SHEET ANCHOR" OF THE GOVERNMENT!!**

The Policy of the League of Nations is to denationalise nations and destroy their individuality. It is pernicious and destructive to the independence of the people—by usurping their sovereignty, and although it has no power and no right to do so—it orders countries to War over quarrels which do not concern them! The League of Nations is inherently Socialist, international and communistic.

YET THE LEADER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY DOES NOT HESITATE TO ASK HIS FOLLOWERS TO SUPPORT THIS ORGANISATION WHICH STRIKES AT THE VERY HEART OF CONSERVATISM AND FREEDOM—AND CALLS IT THE "SHEET ANCHOR" OF HIS GOVERNMENT—A statement I flatly contradict. THE "SHEET ANCHOR" OF ENGLAND ALWAYS HAS BEEN A GREAT AND GLORIOUS NAVY.

Now as Mr. Baldwin is only in his present position through the votes of Conservatives who put him there and who voted for a Conservative Government—let us ask ourselves this question:—

WHAT IS CONSERVATISM?

As its name implies it represents that vast body of English opinion that seeks to CONSERVE certain recognised principles of Government—and all the great reforms in the last century have been on the initiative of Conservatives—as one can find out by reading history.

The first principle of CONSERVATISM—is the preservation of the MONARCHY—**which Sir Stafford Cripps wishes to destroy**—strengthening the ties of Empire by bringing the Dominions and Colonies into the closest relationship with the Mother Country and—**ABOVE ALL AND BEFORE ALL**—maintaining the Armed Forces of the Realm on the same high level that has always made our national will predominant and respected in the councils of Europe because our Navy was invincible. Conservative principles are simple but they aim fundamentally in preserving the safety of every Englishman and Englishwoman.

It is a bird of ill omen that soils the nest that it was reared in—but that is exactly what Stanley Baldwin has done. Nurtured in Conservatism he owes his great position as Leader of the Conservative Party to Conservatives. Where would he be to-day if Conservatives—foolishly against their better judgment—had not listened to his crocodile tears a few years ago and permitted him to carry on again after they knew in their hearts that he had failed them and that they could not trust him and they were right in doubting him and wishing to get rid of him for, in the vernacular of the day, "He has done them dirty."

So that—as this proves—Mr. Baldwin's position depends entirely upon Conservatism and yet he has thrown all Conservative principles to the winds and it is the duty of all who love their King and country to **DENOUNCE THIS FRAUDULENT DICTATORSHIP CALLING ITSELF "NATIONAL"** which has basely betrayed the Country by squandering the Nation's resources, weakening its faith, breaking its heart and destroying its very soul.

And remember that Mussolini—Mussolini alone—has saved us from the humiliating and disgraceful gesture by which Mr. Eden tried to bribe him—but he has not yet answered my question—What was the bribe he promised to Russia—**WAS IT INDIA?**